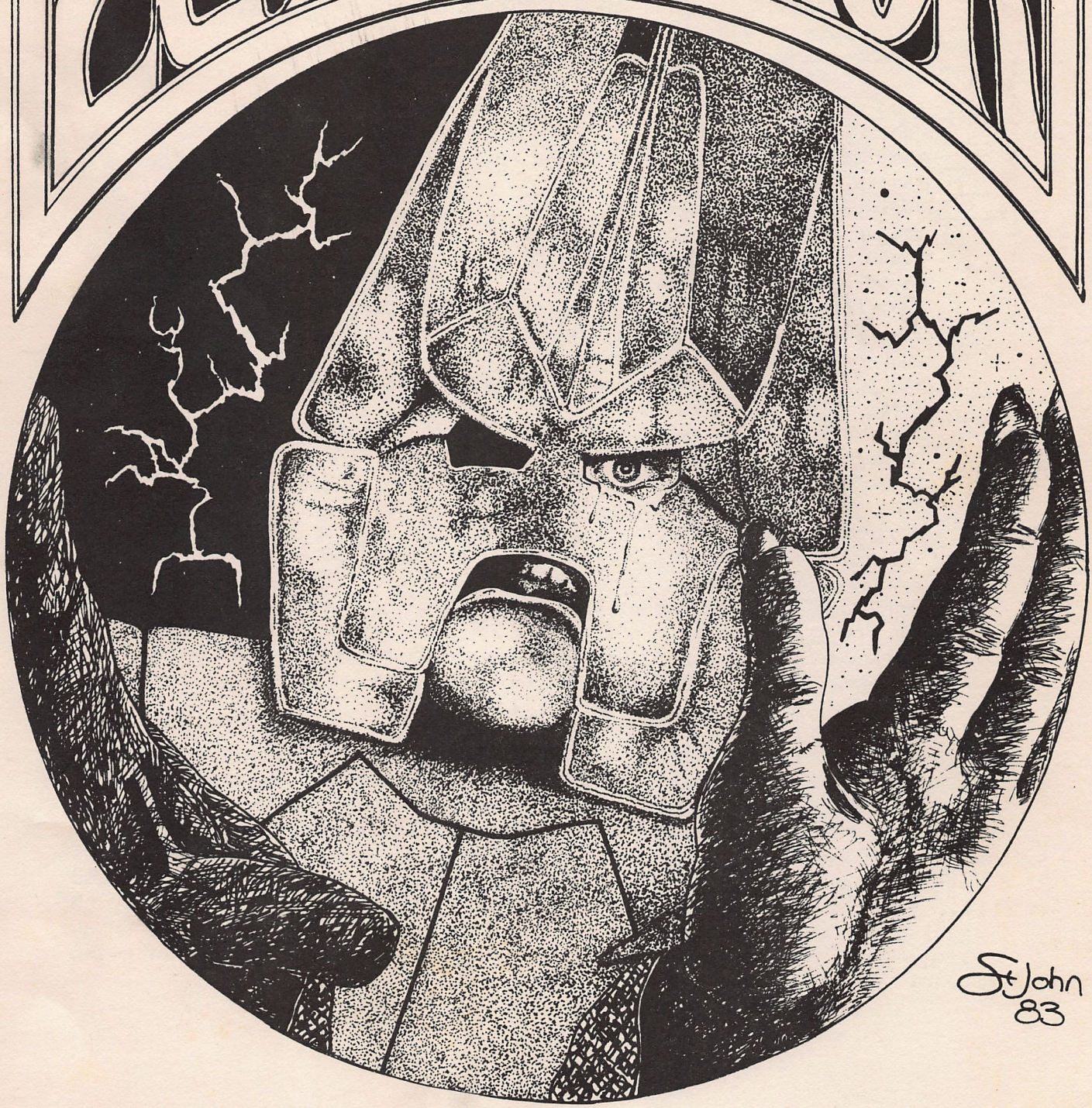
ZETA MINOR



NUMBER III

YOU BOUGHT THIS ZINE BECAUSE. . . .

____ You are an extremely patient individual.
____ You're member #4 of the John Nathan-Turner Appreciation Society.
____ You know what color and shape Turlough's hair <u>really</u> is.
____ "Boy, this is your last chance".
____ My name is Michael Caine.
____ You dress like a stolen car.
____ I <u>do</u> wear glasses.
____ Ugh.
____ The "Silurians" is your favorite serial (along with "Inferno").
____ You're a bean!
____ Resistance is useless.
____ You've got a parrot on your head.
____ You didn't - you're a contributor, so you had no other choice.
____ David called - and told you to.
____ You, too, are an unfortunate victim of the dreaded Pantomime Lambs.
____ You thought it was one of those oh-so-elusive copies of the world-renowned "Turner Times"
____ You think that the Doctor is a "totally awesome mega-babe".
____ It is your destiny.
____ Like Alice, you try to believe three impossible things before breakfast.
____ It's just plain big.
____ 'Cos <u>I'm</u> Phil Collins and <u>I'm</u> Genesis.
____ "Thunderball" is your favorite waltz.
____ According to Joe's computer charts, it's destined to be a smash hit!
____ You've seen "Disco at the 7-11".
____ You heard that the Vogons had contributed some poetry.
____ You don't care any "mowo".
____ You heard the Cabbage Patch Kids were coming back next season.
____ You read that article in TV Guide and it really hooked you on the series.

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ZETA MINOR III, First Printing, May, 1984

Deborah Laymon

ZETA MINOR

THE FANZINE ON THE EDGE OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE

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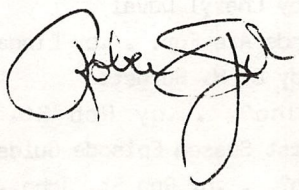
Front Cover by Rob St. John
Back Cover by Anne Davenport

LONG LOST SON OF MINOR NOTES
(Not in 3-D, but here before your eyes, and that in itself is remarkable)
By Robert St. John

Well, I really don't know where to start. This has got to be the most embarrassing thing I've every written (though if I'd written the DOCTOR WHO story "The Twin Dilemma," that's be something else. . .). Where have we been? For two years? Good question. . .anyone have any answers? Truth is, ZETA MINOR has passed through a number of hands since Rhonda left, and at times, I wasn't doing any of the editing whatsoever. The group here in Columbus, as you know, has been extremely occupied with running Panopticon West for two years now, and I decided that until it was over, that would be the extent of my involvement in fandom. So I handed the zine to fellow Prydonian Sandra Manning; unfortunately, all of us were plagued with the same problem. . .not enough time (or energy, for that matter!). Fortunately, other fine publications have been coming out in the meantime, giving contributers various outlets for their talents.

For those, however, who put up with us, my sincere apologies and thanks, especially to the contributers who really had no idea what had happened to their works (special love and hoots to Lucy A. Synk, whos illos grace this issue's feature story, "The Seal". . .she was much better about this delay than I was at times). It can be unpleasant to see something you drew or wrote two or three years ago pop up when you've become more experiences in your field.

And what of the future of this publication? Well, this was to be my last issue of ZETA MINOR, and Sandra's first. Sandra's interests, however, have chaged, and my involvement with the conventions is over. If I am to continue ZETA MINOR, it will be in a new, probably smaller format, but definitely coming out on a more regular basis. Look for an announcement in fan directories very soon. If it does not continue, let me take this opportunity to thank some very special people; Jean Airey, for all her help and guidance these past three years; Rhonda Reece, that whacky editor who continued to help me edit the zine even after she had to leave; to all those who voted ZETA MINOR the best DW fanzine last year at MediaWest Con, kissy, kissy; to my pet chinchilla, Turlough, for absolutely no reason whatsoever; and to the DW production team who have made the past three seasons of the show so exceptionally exciting, especially "The Twin Dilemma," which has replaces "Inferno" as "Most. . .ahh, unique DW story" in my book. Hoots to all of you! See you at Panopticon! G'day!



Salutations;

Towards the beginning of my short term as ZETA MINOR's editor I wrote a letter to Teresa Sarick saying, "Learning the ropes is hard - especially when I keep tripping over them and falling on my can." Since then, I've managed (somehow) to pull myself erect and finish what I started out to do. My apologies to all for the long delay -- and my sincerest thanks for your patience.

Rob has already pretty much summed up the why's and wherefore's of the problems we both faced in completing this issue. My biggest problem, however, was simply that I did not know what to do. I broke (shattered and mutilated) the first law of learning: No question is too stupid. Preoccupation with my PWest duties added considerably to my dilemma, not to mention my sudden change of interests (Thank you, Peter!). Inevitably, it became apparent to all that I was not suited for the job.

But I look upon every failure as a learning experience. And even though I'm now travelling towards new lands, so to speak, the lessons I've learned over the past year will stay with me until I get there -- and beyond.

I owe most of my thank-you's to ZETA MINOR's former and soon-to-be-again editor, Rob St. John. A better, more understanding and inspiring teacher I have never had. To Bobbie Pallone, my best friend -- a fact that never once prevented her from verbally beating some sense into me when I needed it. To the Renegades, who gave life to my interest in Doctor Who. And to each and every one of ZETA MINOR #3's contributors, who have made this issue something that the Doctor can be proud of. (Oh yeah -- and to the shaboogan who sabotaged Rob's nib -- I always wanted to use the "Omega", Rob. Oh dear, I'll probably pay for that.)

My love to you all.

Sandra L. Manning

Sandra L. Manning

COMET'S TAIL
by Beth Bowles

You know, Doctor,
I've never really had a chance
to just look at Earth.
It is rather pretty.

I've never really had a chance
to show Earth to you, Adric.
I wish your first look at her from space
could have been at a more. . .
leisurely point in time.

I'd like to have seen Earth,
from this position,
at a different time,
but it is an impressive sight
for one's final view

I hope this isn't all you'll know of Earth.
The inhabitants are even more special
than the planet.

I wish I could have
finished the job, Doctor.
So many of your friends will die because
I've failed.
I hope your grief passes quickly.

You've done what you wanted, Adric --
saved all those people.
Will I have the chance to tell you?

I hope you heard
my meaning
earlier today.
I have enjoyed our times together, you know.

I wish I'd taken you
home
when you asked.
I simply didn't want you to leave.

The temperature is increasing.
The engines will overload soon
It should be fast --
I hope that helps.

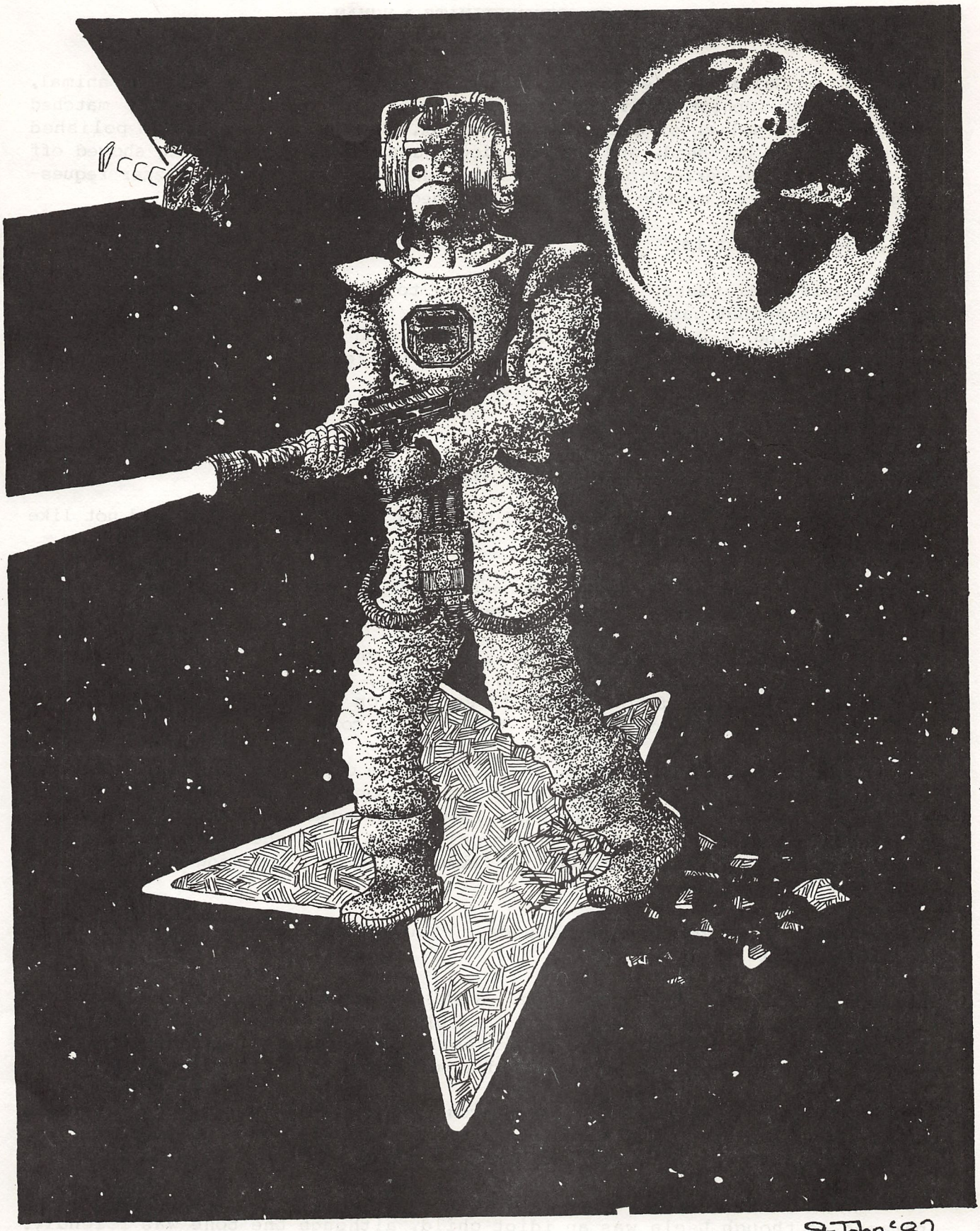
The freighter is entering
Earth's atmosphere.
it should be fast --
You'll feel no pain.

Doctor!

Adric!

". . . The comet's tail shall mark my grave,
the asteroids lend it grace."
-- "Eulogy" by Julia Eckler

Peter Suffredin
Marj Ihssen


St. John '82

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A HUMAN
BY JEAN AIREY

In a room on Gallifrey, Leela was working very hard. Not at skinning an animal, but at a very sophisticated computer terminal. Her appearance easily matched the gleam and polish of the shiny black box. Her hair was piled in polished curls on top of her head, and the one-piece jumpsuit she was wearing showed off her lithe body to perfection. She was somewhat annoyed when the buzzer requesting entry into the communication room sounded.

"K-9. See who that is."

"Affirmative, Mistress." K-9 rolled away to 'look' through the door's sensing device. A somewhat garbled voice came through the door's speaker. Leela didn't bother listening, K-9 could understand the outmoded circuit much better than she could, and she had never been one to waste her energies. "It is a Time Lady, Mistress."

"A Time Lady? What does she want?"

"She requests a conversation with you, Mistress."

Leela was very annoyed. Her work had been going very well and she did not like being interrupted. "Now?"

"Affirmative, Mistress." Sensing her annoyance, he added wistfully. "If you do not wish to be bothered, Mistress, I can stun her."

She was tempted. It had, after all, been a long time. She smiled. "K-9." Catching herself in time - there were, after all, very few irrestible impulses you could give in to if you wanted to survive on Gallifrey. "No, don't stun her." she turned the terminal off. "Tell her to come in."

A young woman entered the room. Her hair was a dark ebony and arranged in a very simplistic style, making her seem even younger than she could possibly be. She had an aura of imbedded innocence that compounded the youthful appearance. Leela would have assumed that she was only about 15 if she had not known that there were no Time Ladies of that age (Time Ladies only becoming such on reaching their 75th birthday).

"Greetings. I am Romanaveratnalunda. You are the Barbarian woman who is married to Andred?"

Leela knew that her mouth was agape. She'd met some prejudiced Time Lords and Ladies before, but never one who was this blunt. She felt herself reaching for the knife she no longer carried (some habits do die hard), but stopped. There were, she had learned, better ways to deal with some types of situations.

"I am Leela." The Doctor would have recognized the smile with which a warrior of the Servateem greeted an enemy-under-truce - and would have started worrying about Janis thorns. Of course, the Doctor had not seen Leela for some time.

"You once traveled with a Time Lord known as The Doctor?" The question was phrased as though Leela was an idiot child, although the tone was friendly. That is, as friendly as this particular Time Lady could be to a 'human.'

"Yes." Leela had been well taught not to volunteer information.

"I need some information from you." The Lady stopped to checked a small electronic memory system that she was carrying. Seeming to realize that the pause might seem embarrassing to her listener, she added, as though she were talking to a child, " Are you willing to help me?"

Leela decided to play along with the game. "I can try. If it's too difficult I can ask K-9 to help me."

The Time Lady looked up from her notations. "K-9?"

"He greeted you at the door."

"Oh, that silly looking machine!" The Time lady laughed.

"K-9 is not a silly looking machine!" Leela realized that even without weapons she could dispose of this pompous person as she obviously deserved! The Time Lady seemed unaware of her (imminent) danger, and Leela relented. "He is. . ."

"He? My dear, you should never anthropomorphise machinery!" In spite of her apparent insensitivity the Time Lady had a sense of self-preservation. "But I'm sure that it's very sophisticated."

"He is." Leela was willing to give the Lady enough rope to hang herself. "What do you want?"

The Lady was quite honestly puzzled. "Have I annoyed you? I did not mean to, but I'm not used to dealing with barbarian emotions. Now if you can control yourself, I'm sure that we can have a very worthwhile discussion."

"I don't see what there is that we could discuss."

"Well, the Doctor, of course."

"The Doctor?" There was quite a lot that Leela could tell about the Doctor, but not to this person!

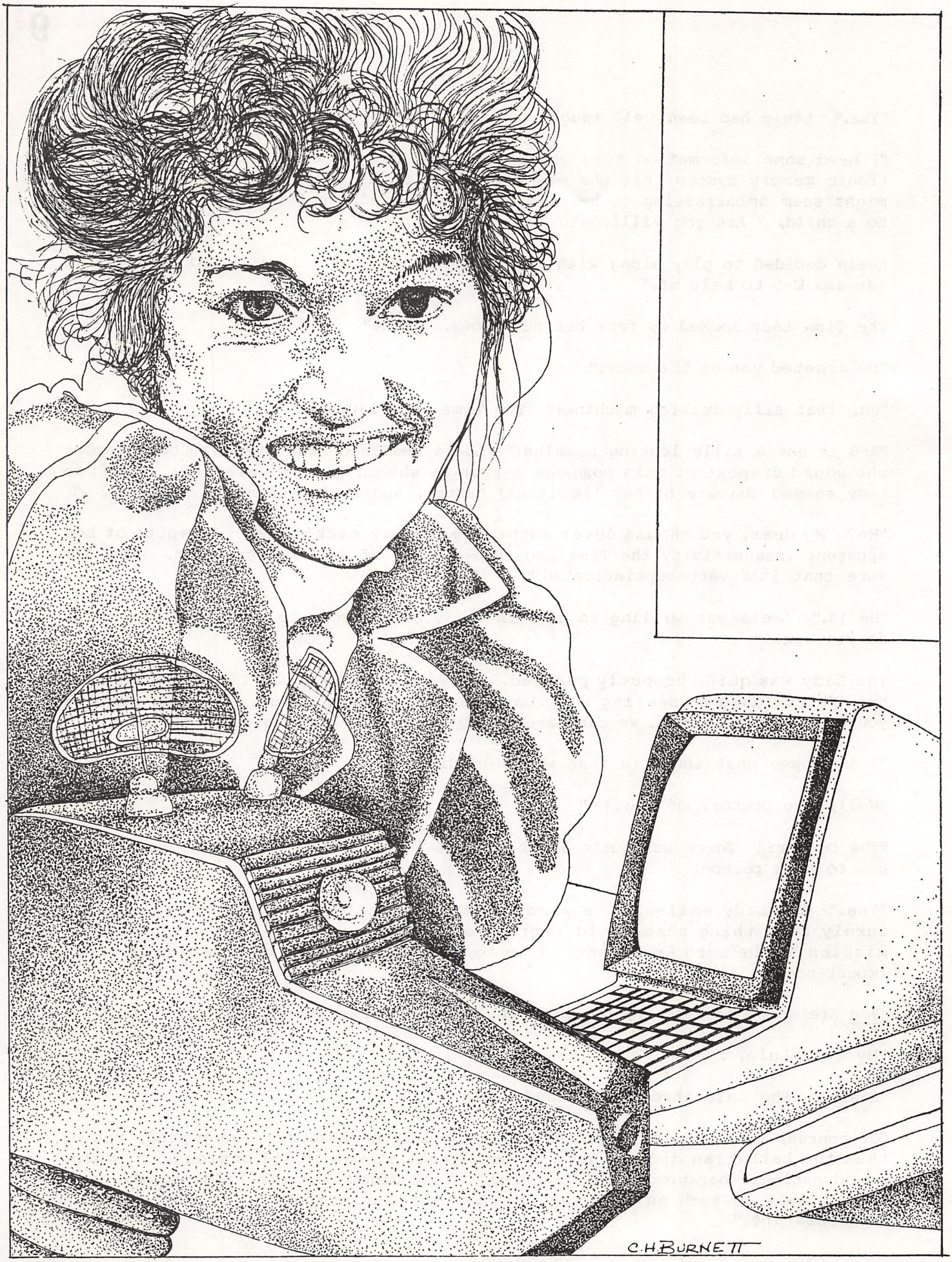
"Yes." The Lady smiled. She wasn't what she considered vain, but there were surely some thing that would impress even some people. . ."I've been given a mission by the Lord President. I am to assist the Doctor on a matter of great importance."

"<u>You</u> are going to help the Doctor? Why would the Lord President select <u>you</u>?"

"My dear Lulu. . ."

"Leela." She said through clenched teeth.

"Of course, Laia. I should think that it would be obvious." She paused, noting that the barbarian did not seem to think that it was at all obvious. "I mean, my educational background and training." That didn't seem to held, so she went on. "Surely on such an important mission the Doctor requires the very best in his assistant."


C.H.BURNETT

"Do you really believe that?"

"My dear Loofa. The Doctor is a very brilliant person - or so I've been told. While I'm sure he might find it - amusing - to travel for a time with such a simplistic creature such as you, this mission is of such importance that its success must be safeguarded by providing him with every possible aid."

Leela's eyebrows raised and her sense of humor returned. "Then why have you come to talk to me? You seem to have all the answers."

"It occurred to me that you might have some small bits of information that would assist me in my dealings with him." Misinterperating the expression on Leela's face as an expression of puzzlement, she added "To enable our mission to succeed more quickly."

"Have you ever been away from Gallifrey before?"

"Of course," The Lady said indignantly. "I made several observational field trips when I was in school."

"Observational? Then you didn't actually do anything?" The Lady shook her head, honestly puzzled by the thought that someone would think that she should have! Leela sighed. Perhaps it would only be good manners to try to convince this foolish child that she was really not equipped for what she was going to be facing. "Are you skilled in any methods of self-defense?"

The Lady laughed. "Oh, my dear Larga! Now isn't that just typical of a barbarian! How very silly! Don't you know that if you don't bother the natives they won't bother you? This is an important mission, but it's hardly dangerous!"

"Do you really believe that?" Leela was fast losing her scarcely regained patience again.

"Certainly." The Lady was not insensitive enough to miss the amazement on Leela's face. "Oh, I'm sure that some of these stories that are being told about the Doctor have been wildly exaggerated. That's why I came to visit you, Liglo."

"Leela."

"Leela." The Lady looked at Leela, wondering what she was doing that seemed to be irritating the barbarian. Perhaps if she re-emphasized the fact the Leela could be quite helpful. . ."Even though your outlook is quite simplistic you should be able to tell me what I need to know."

"About the Doctor?"

"Yes. Of course, if you can't remember. . ."

Leela smiled. It was not a nice smile, but the Lady did not seem to know the difference. Once, a long time ago, her father had taken her fishing. "I think that I can remember what you need to know. Actually, K-9 can summarize the Doctor best for you."

"The machine?" The Lady was frankly amazed.

"Oh yes. He's. . .it's quite infallible." She called "K-9."

With a whirr of motors and a rumble of traction system the animal rolled into the room. "Yes, Mistress."

"Listen carefully."

"I always do, Mistress," he said, hurt.

"Yes, yes, I know," Leela apologized. Goodness, were bad manners catching? "I want you to tell this lady what you have in your **primary** programming circuits about the Doctor."

"Primary programming, Mistress?"

"Primary programming, K-9."

"That is the first information imprinted on my ROMs by the Doctor-Master."

"Tell the lady, K-9."

"the Doctor-Master is intelligent, kind, trustworthy, studious, level-headed, loyal, heroic, handsome, even-tempered, courteous. . .Mistress, this is hurting my secondary circuits." The little animal was obviously in pain.

"Thank you, K-9." Leela turned to the Lady. "Now, would a machine **lie** to you?"

"No." The Lady considered what she had heard. "I find it difficult to believe that anyone could be that wonderful."

"You can only judge by yourself. . ."

"I suppose that it's possible."

"Of course, the Doctor would be very upset if you ever praised him for anything. No matter what he does or says you must always treat it as routine. Don't ever imply that he's doing anything special."

"He sounds very modest."

The fish was on the hook and playing nicely. "Oh yes. Very modest. It's one of his sterling qualities."

"MISTRESS1"

"K-9, be quiet."

"Adopting silent mode, Mistress." He rolled off into a corner to sulk.

"But you'll have to do something about your hair and clothes."

"Really?"

"Yes. You always have to look - different. The Doctor can't stand to see you wearing the same thing twice."

"I've been told that I can't bring along many clothes."

"There's a large wardrobe on the TARDIS. You should be able to change clothes at least three times a day."

"I would have thought that one sensible outfit. . ."

The fish might be slipping the hook. "The Doctor doesn't like sensible outfits," Leela said emphatically. "You'll have to dress like a lady. Very - fluffy."

"I suppose I could manage that."

"And your hair." Leela managed a convincing shudder (although it should have been apparent that she was not accustomed to shuddering at all.). "You should wear it loose, not tied up like that."

"But this is most practical!"

Time for allies. "K-9, Does the Doctor care about practical hairdos?"

"Mistress! The Doctor does not care about. . ."

"K-9! Does the Doctor care? Yes or no!"

"No, Mistress."

"You see!"

"Very well, then. What can you tell me about this type 40 that he travels in. Oh, I'm sorry. You probably don't know much about a sophisticated machine like that, do you."

"The TARDIS?" Leela wanted to be sure that they were discussing the same thing.

"Is that what he calls it? Or is that the quaint name you gave it?"

"He calls it - a lot of things. I always called it the TARDIS. Actually, it's badly in need of repair. I don't suppose that you know anything about repairing that particular model?"

"Not really. It's a very old version. I didn't study antiques. I'm supposed to install a special homing device. Would he like to do it?"

"I think that he would be very shocked if you expected him to poke holes in his TARDIS. Why don't you just go right ahead and do it. Surprise him with it. He really doesn't care much for the old traveling machine. So do feel free to make any repairs that you want to to it."

"I shall do that." The Lady stood and held out her hand. "Thank you so very much, you've been surprisingly helpful."

"Anytime. Oh, one more thing."

"Yes?"

"Your name. It's so very long."

"Should I shorten it?"

"Oh no. I mean, he'll like it long. Good practice for tonguetwisters. Have you ever been called anything else?"

The lady stopped at the door, prepared to leave. "Oh yes. I had a nickname when I was in school."

"Really? What was it?"

"Fred."

Leela looked at the closed door and smiled with real amusement. "Fred? Well, the Doctor never liked things quiet anyway." She picked up the small transmitter again and sat back down. "K-9?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Let's get ready to run those tertiary transduction shield programs again. If I'm to be responsible for the defense of Gallifrey, I want to be quite sure that they're secure."

"Yes, Mistress."

After a moment Leela stopped what she was doing. "K-9. I know that it may hurt a little, but would you please repeat the primary programming on the Doctor again?"

The little dog almost sighed. "The Doctor-Master is intelligent, kind, trustworthy, studious, level-headed, loyal, heroic, handsome, even-tempered, courteous. . .Mistress, must I continue?"

"No. K-9. . .?"

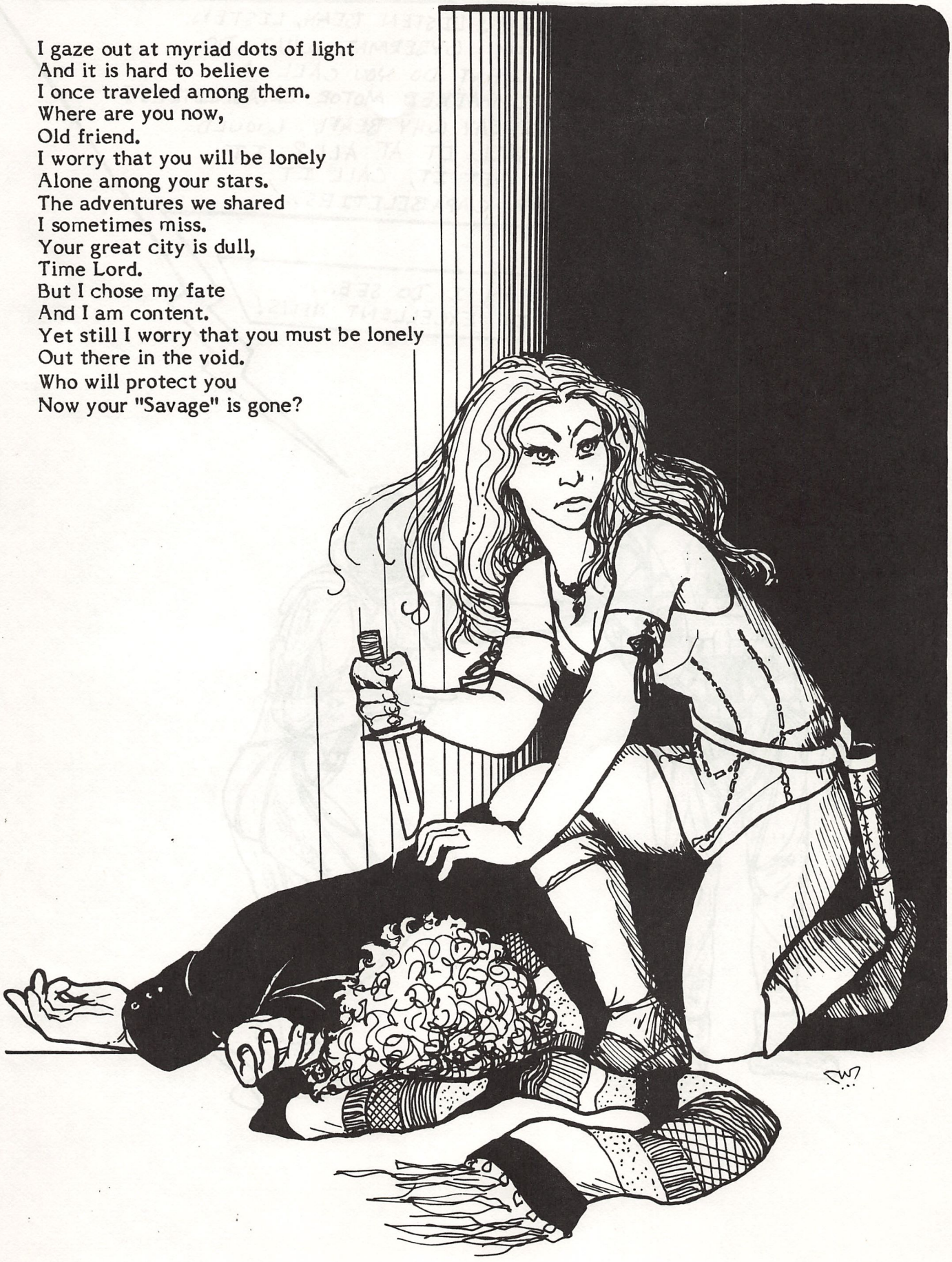
"Yes, Mistress."

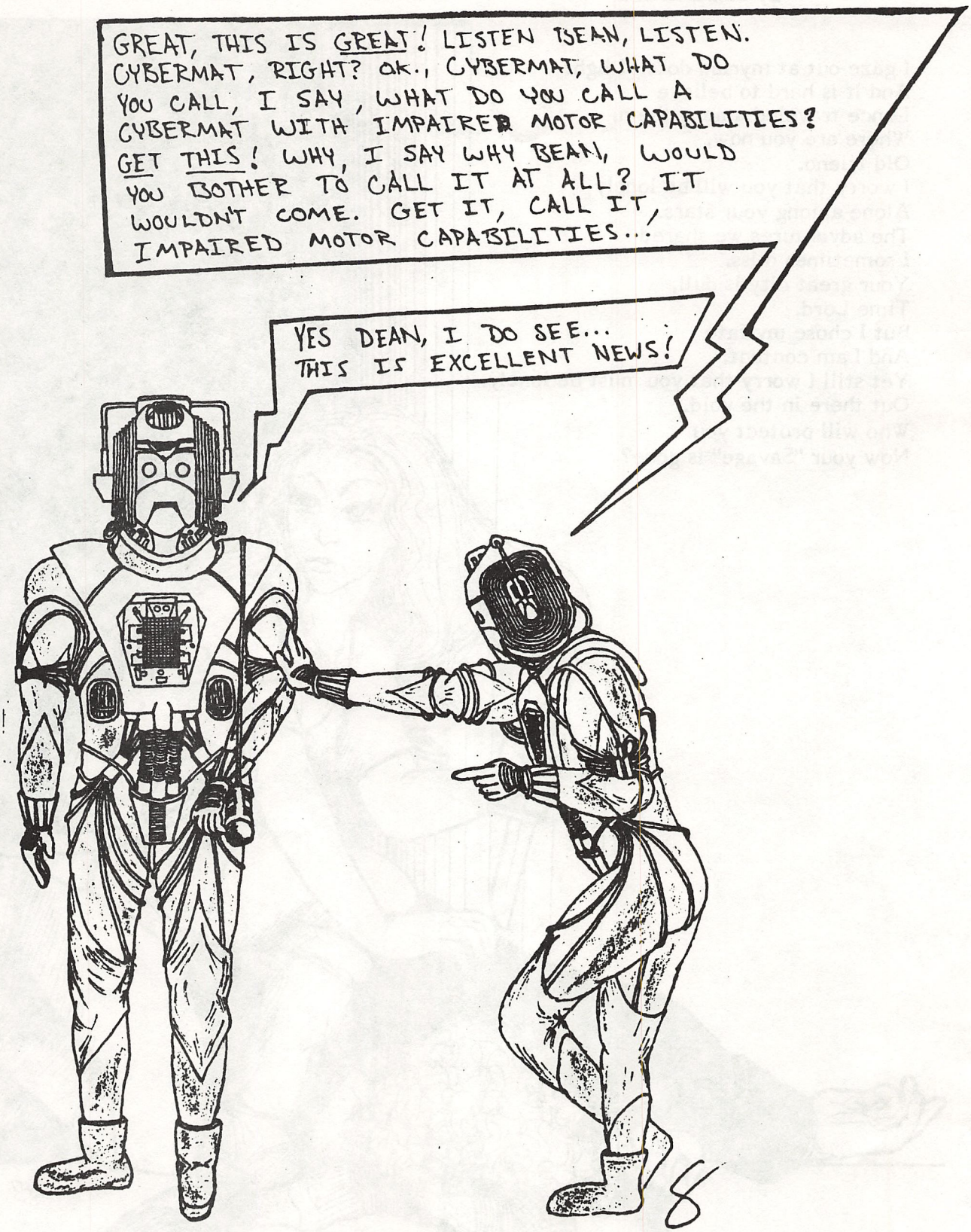
"You know, the Doctor was many things, but he was <u>never</u> a boy-scout!"

"Leela's Song"

by Jenna Bruce

I gaze out at myriad dots of light
And it is hard to believe
I once traveled among them.
Where are you now,
Old friend.
I worry that you will be lonely
Alone among your stars.
The adventures we shared
I sometimes miss.
Your great city is dull,
Time Lord.
But I chose my fate
And I am content.
Yet still I worry that you must be lonely
Out there in the void.
Who will protect you
Now your "Savage" is gone?




GREAT, THIS IS GREAT! LISTEN DEAN, LISTEN. CYBERMAT, RIGHT? OK., CYBERMAT, WHAT DO YOU CALL, I SAY, WHAT DO YOU CALL A CYBERMAT WITH IMPAIRED MOTOR CAPABILITIES? GET THIS! WHY, I SAY WHY DEAN, WOULD YOU BOTHER TO CALL IT AT ALL? IT WOULDN'T COME. GET IT, CALL IT, IMPAIRED MOTOR CAPABILITIES...
YES DEAN, I DO SEE... THIS IS EXCELLENT NEWS!

Critically, Sarah Jane Smith regarded the image reflected back at her in the compact's mirror. What she saw was a pert, frowning young face wreathed in shoulder-length, mousy brown hair and accented by light brown eyes. She grimaced and the image grimaced back, the nose crinkling slightly. Snapping the compact shut, she dropped it into her purse, looking up and about with a sigh.

It was a pleasant, sunny day if not a bit brisk for May. Scattered trees along the street bowed and swayed with a hiss of wind-blown leaves. Sniffing the fresh scent of newly blossomed flowers, she started to walk down the street, her purse tucked under one arm.

"Good mornin', Miss Smith."

Turning, she smiled as the bobby came striding across the street toward her. Reaching her side he tipped his hat respectfully, white teeth glistening in a cheery smile.

"Hullo, Constable Tandy," she replied.

"Off to the diggings again, ay ya?" She nodded as they strolled down the residential street. "Can't say I know what all the excitement is that has the Press in such a bally-hoo. If you ask me, a couple of old flasks is nothing unless they've got some good ale in them."

"The scientists say the ones found in the Moorely House basement are probably thousands of years old. I doubt if there's anything in them worth much myself," she confessed, "but to hear Professor Lyson they're in a state of perfect preservation and like nothing that's ever been seen before; priceless."

"Can't say I think much of the Professor, myself. He's a strange old bird. Comes by this way every morn in that sporty little roadster of his, not giving a damn for good conversation or a pleasant how-do-you-do." They rounded a corner as he spoke. A few yards away a mongrel dog trotted self-assuredly up to the base of a tall blue box standing on the curb. Sniffing at it, and lifting his hind leg, he wagged his tail in satisfaction.

"Here now!" called Tandy, moving at a brisk pace toward the animal. Looking up, the dog cocked his head. Then, ignoring the officer bearing down on him, he finished his task and pranced away. Tandy stopped, hands on hips, and looked down at the little river that had collected on the pavement at the base of the structure. "No respect," he lamented as Sarah came abreast of him.

Seeing her he smiled, walking around to the front of the box and patting its wooden bulk. A flake of blue paint fluttered to the ground. "A fine bit 'o history, this," he assured her with reverence. "They've recalled most of them, what with the radio patrol cars nowadays." He regarded the box with memory-glazed eyes. It was roughly 9' tall and 6' square with frosted-glass windows surrounding its upper frame on all four walls. Instructions as to its purpose were tacked to the left of a narrow door, the printing above reading POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX. The constable reached for the handle of the door and tugged, meeting with resistance. Despite all of his pulling it would not yield to him. "Blighter must be warped shut," he mumbled.

Shrugging, he turned away, realizing that Sarah was no longer at his side. She was standing a short distance away, looking at the call box with an odd expression of sad longing on her lovely face.

"Coming, Miss Smith?"

"Hm? Oh, I'm sorry. I'll be along shortly, Mr. Tandy. I'd really like to stay here a moment."

"Are you not feeling all right, Miss?" he asked with genuine concern. "I hear there's a touch of the flu going about. The wife had it not too many weeks past."

"Nothing like that," she assured him. "I just want to admire this; it's kind of like a piece of history that you can touch, you know?"

"Oh, aya. I'll leave you be, then. A good day to you, Miss." He tipped his hat again for good measure and strolled off, hands clasped behind his back as he began to whistle a rather off-key rendition of "Rule Britainnia." As its sound faded away, Sarah turned once again to

 the call box. Reaching a hand forward she gently, hesitantly, touched the cracked blue paint of the door.

In her mind's eye, Sarah Jane Smith recalled the image of another police call box; a special blue box, and with the memory came a host of associated pictures and images that flashed before her: a laboratory with a work bench hopelessly cluttered with an odd assortment of bric-a-brac and incredibly unstable looking lash-ups of wire and metal -- a laboratory now empty and devoid of the warmth of this memory; a gleaming white, circular corridor -- a wheel in space -- with concave glass revealing the star-studded depths of the universe; a white haired, gallant and primly dressed man with a uniquely young/old face standing before the call box nestled peacefully in one corner of the laboratory; the inside of the box itself, its interior a vast maze of interconnecting corridors, rooms, glowing panels and consoles.

And another face. Even now she could clearly see the tossled, curly brown hair, the piercing, wide blue eyes and infectious ear to ear grin. Shaking the image away, she sighed and pulled her hand back from the artifact. A full year had passed since she had last seen that face. Though there was little doubt that she would never see those features again, in her heart there lingered a hope that he would return safely and invite her off in that infuriatingly condescending way of his. An entire year and she still worried about him.

He had had to return home -- home to Gallifrey -- and he'd had to go alone despite all of her protests. She clearly remembered their last adventure together on a distant planet called Kastria, far from her own Earth. It was not a fond memory, but it was the last that she had to cherish.

With a heart-felt sigh, she looked over the old call box one last time. It was an ordinary, every day, London police call box awaiting removal. Within, it was equally as ordinary: no vast interior reaching into seeming infinity; no faulty guidance controls; no rooms half the size of a ballroom and housing a solitary pair of boots. Most of all, it was devoid of a tall, laughing figure with bright, twinkling eyes to greet her in a jovial, booming voice; a voice most often bantering and condescending, but also full of fun and comfort.

Shutting her eyes tight, she mentally scolded herself for her daydreams. "Face it, Sarah," she told herself as she forced herself to turn her back to the relic. "He's probably off somewhere having a wonderful time and that's that." Looking at her watch she gave a soft exclamation and started to walk briskly in the direction taken by the constable. In her fantasizing she had lost all track of time and was already five minutes late for the ceremony.

What kind of a way was this for a journalist to act, anyway; mooning over a past that was better left forgotten. . .

Leaving the police box and its memories behind, Sarah started to jog down the street, turning the corner and disappearing form view. All was quiet again save for the rustle of the leaves and the occasional song of a bird. The dog appeared from under a hedge, tongue lolling, trotting back toward the call box with every intent of completing its business. Suddenly the door swung open, bumping the dog off the curb and into the street. Yelping, it scampered off, unaware of the face that grinned after it.

Constable Tandy strolled back onto the street where he had left Sarah. She was no longer there, presumably having left to go to the Moorely House. The little rural street was quiet and unpopulated again. No. Wait a moment. Tandy adjusted his spectacles and watched as a tall man came into view from behind the call box. The man stood on the pavement a moment, looking first right then left. Popping his right index finger into his mouth, the stranger pulled it out again, holding it up in the air. Nodding decisively, he turned and started to stride off in the direction taken by Sarah when, suddenly, he stopped and spun about with a flourish, a great, multicolored scarf flapping in his wake. He marched right up to Tandy and, grasping his hand, shook it.

"A very good day to you, Constable. . ." he looked at the badge then grinned, meeting the eyes behind the spectacles, ". . .Tandy."

"And to you, sir," he replied, somewhat hesitant.

"Thank you. Thank you very much. Excuse me, but could you be so kind as to tell me where I might find U.N.I.T. Headquarters?"

"U.N.I.T., sir?"

"Certainly you've heard of it? This is London, isn't it?"

"Actually, no, sir."

"What? You mean I've overshot it again? Are you sure this isn't London?"

"Quite positive, sir. It's South Croydon. I say, are you lost?"

"South Croydon? South Croydon," muttered the stranger, tapping the side of his nose with an index finger. "What is there about. . . " suddenly his head jerked up and he fixed Tandy with an owlish glare, "Lost, did you say?" he cried, indignantly. "I never get lost. . .well, usually I don't. It's not entirely my fault, is it? I. . .oh, never mind. I'll just have a little look about, if you don't mind, then I'll be off. Thank you for your time. Good bye," and, so saying, he turned off in his original direction and strode away.

Tandy shook his head, wondering if perhaps it might not be a good idea to apprehend the man. He did seem to be a bit, well, odd. Still, there was no law against eccentricity. Shrugging, the officer strolled on, convincing himself that there was nothing dangerous aout this man with the wide, staring eyes, trailing scarf, and infectious grin. . .

"You're quite late, Miss Smith," snapped Professor Lyson upon seeing Sarah descending the rickety basement stairs. Stepping over a thick cable lying on the floor, she took her position by several other journalists who had gathered in the small basement. "I've had to hold the entire proceedings up for you."

"Sorry. I got caught up in something."

"Feel grateful, Miss, that I did not decide to start without you!"

A young man to Sarah's left, pad and pencil in hand, shrugged and gave her an encouraging smile. Comforted by this small gesture, she smiled back. She was the only female journalist in the group and had been in Lyson's bad graces from the word 'go'. He seemed to see her as a bad luck charm, not unlike the omen of disaster a woman aboard a ship posed for superstitious sailors. He had chastised her, ridiculed her, and tried every means to talk down to her, but Sarah was ready to prove that she was made of sterner stuff and underwent his tirades with charm and a lot of teeth gnashing.

"As you've been constantly reminded throughout this investigation," said the Professor with authority, "the flasks that were found are possibly one of the most valuable finds in archaeological history. Before you on this table there are seven flasks taken from a cavity in the cellar of this very house," and he waved a hand to indicate a hole a few feet behind him against the cold, grey stone of the cellar's rear wall. Colored rope surrounded the excavation site. "Until now there has only been speculation as to what is sealed in these flasks. Is it wine? We believe not, as they are more on the order of pottery test-tubes. Medicine, then? Perhaps even poison. . ."

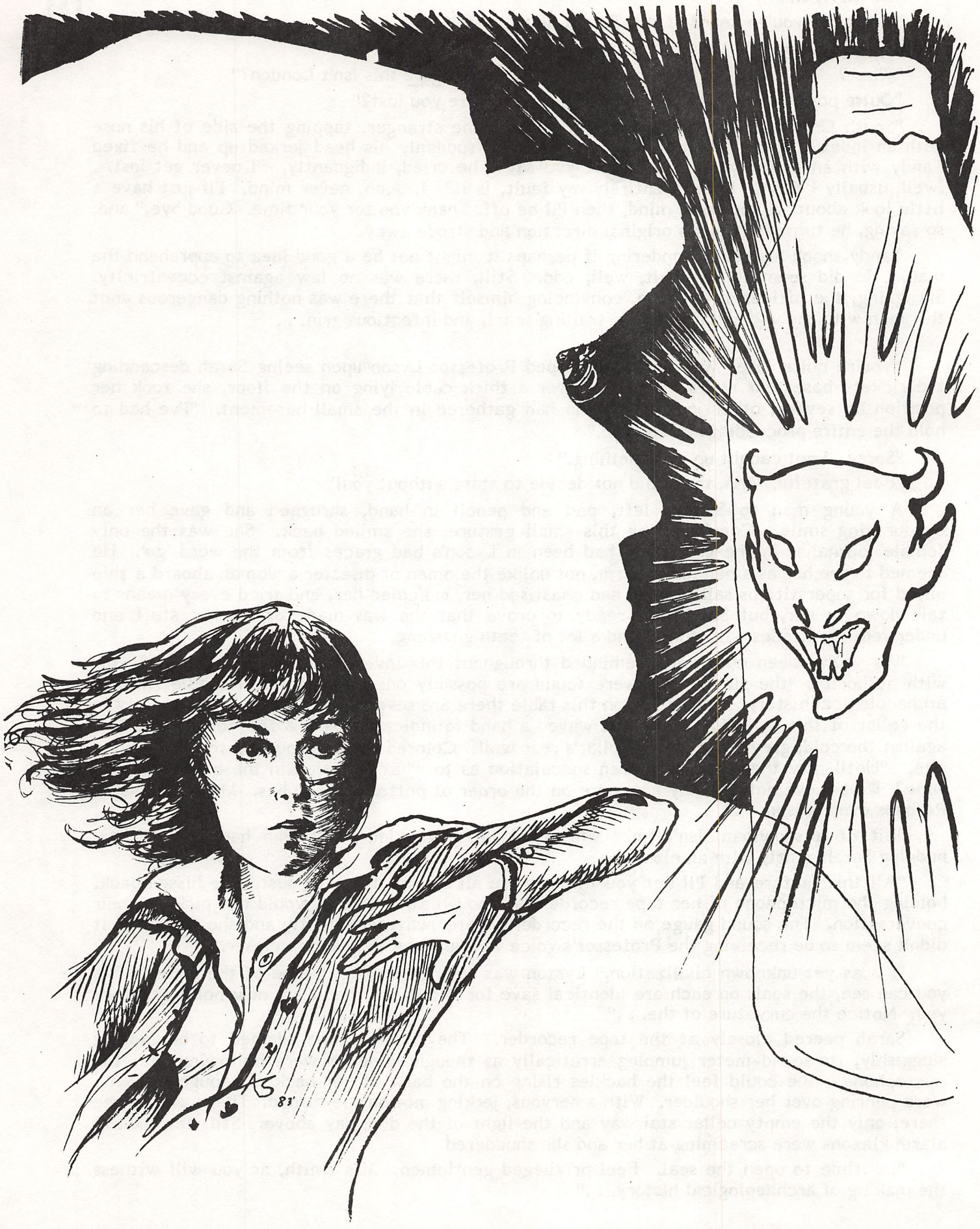
"Bit of a showman, isn't he?" whispered the young journalist who had greeted her, nudging Sarah gently with an elbow.

"All this fanfare and I'll bet you that they're all empty or full of dust," she hissed back, holding the microphone of her tape recorder far enough away that it would not pick up their conversation. The sound gauge on the recorder's meter wavered slightly and she frowned. it didn't seem to be receiving the Professor's voice well and she took a step closer.

". . .as yet unknown civilization," Lyston was saying, picking up one of the flasks. "As you can see, the seals on each are identical save for this flask that I am now holding before you. Notice the curvature of the. . ."

Sarah peered closely at the tape recorder. The casette tape seemed to be moving sluggishly, its sound-meter jumping erratically as though someone were bellowing into the microphone. She could feel the hackles rising on the back of her neck as though someone were peering over her shoulder. With a nervous, jerking motion she turned. There was no one there; only the empty cellar stairway and the light of the doorway above. Still the mental alarm klaxons were screaming at her and she shuddered.

". . .time to open the seal. Feel privileged gentlemen, Miss Smith, as you will witness the making of archaeological history. . ."


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Outside of the Moorely House a tall figure stopped and looked up, cocking his head. It was a magnificent stone building circled by a wrought iron fence. The railing of the front porch was laced with ivy that had crept upward, adding a delicate touch of green to the white paint. The lawns were dotted with spring flowers and clover; honeysuckle was thick on the morning breeze. A flagstone path led to the porch stairs, completing a picture of rural tranquility.

Eyes narrowed, he peered at the house as though it had beckoned to him, turning away when he had answered the call. Illusive. His nose twitched and, thrusting a hand into the left hand pocket of his jacket, he pulled out a small silver box with an illuminated dial on its face. The needle of the dial quivered, jumping erratically. Frowning, he stuffed it back into the pocket and started toward the building, slowly at first, as a man in a dream, then more quickly until he was mounting the front porch steps two at a time and shot through the front door.

As the Professor unsealed the flask the representatives of the press moved forward, pens and cameras at the ready.. Suddenly the cellar was filled with a howling wind, blasting them backward. Pads were torn from numb fingers and the screams of the people were drowned in the shrieking gale. Sarah dropped her recorder and it shattered at her feet. Great chunks of stone and mortar started to crack and fall from the walls and ceiling. Panicking, the host of reporters stampeded toward the stairway, each clawing hysterically to be the first to reach the cellar's only exit. Groaning, the rotting wood buckled under their weight, sending them sprawling to the concrete floor in a hail of splintering wood and dust.

Sarah backed away, eyes wide with terror. She turned, looking for a place to run and came face to face with Lyson. He was clutching the opened flask to himself, the whites of his eyes glistening, his mouth babbling incoherent words. He was giggling and trying to empty the opened flask. . .of what?

Sarah lept forward and tried to stop him, knowing instinctively that the flask had to be resealed. Perhaps that would stop the chaos. Perhaps.

Grasping the Professor's arm, she tried to pull him away. He gave an animal-like roar of rage, clutching the artifact in one arm and cuffing her with the other. Crying aloud in surprise and pain, she reeled backward from the blow, striking the wall and sliding to the floor.

When she looked again for the Professor, all that she could discern was a great cloud of plaster, dust and distant rumblings mingling with the scream of the wind as the entire house crumbled about her. Staggering, she tried to stand, her legs protesting as they supported her weight. She stumbled and fell. Choking on the dust, she tried to crawl forward, chunks of masonry cutting into her knees and palms. Vaguely she became aware of a voice moaning to her left and she moved toward the sound. Through the sifting plaster she could make out the features of the young journalist who had been beside her. There was a great gash on his temple and, even as she reached him, he died. Eyes wide, she shuddered and backed away, turning and crawling again, hoping that she was heading for the stairs.

But there were no stairs and, as the realization finally came to her, a large piece of falling debris hit her on the shoulder and bowled her over, causing her to strike her head.

Through the blinding pain that shot through her with all its rainbows, Sarah imagined that she heard a familiar and welcomed voice calling her name. She struggled to open her eyes, finding that they would not answer her mental summons. Darkness --- a black abyss --- swam upward to embrace her. In the last moment she smiled, thinking it ironic that her last thoughts should be of the Doctor at a time when he was undoubtedly thousands of light years away and unaware of her death.

"I think she's coming around." The voice was distant, as though spoken from the far end of a long corridor. "Yes. Yes, I'm sure of it."

Sarah opened her eyes, blinking them rapidly from the sudden onslaught of light. She was lying on her back on a bed, her head tilted to rest on her right shoulder. Raising herself

slightly, she saw white walls and flooring, a table set with vases of flowers, a sunlit window with frilled curtains and a familiar face bending over her.

Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart was a handsome man in a rugged sort of way and not subject to fits of emotionalism, but there was no denying that he was quite delighted to see that she was awake. "You've taken quite a beating, young lady," he said brusquely, in a characteristic attempt to conceal his concern. The swagger stick in his hand beat a nervous tattoo on his right leg.

"I thought I was dead," she replied honestly.

"Lucky for us that someone happened along to help you out of it, otherwise you undoubtedly would be."

"That's right!" she exclaimed. "How. . .? Did someone else survive?"

"I'm afraid not. You appear to have been the only one. As I understand it, there was no time to aid anyone else."

"But, the stairs. . .they were destroyed! No one could have possibly gotten in."

The Brigadier coughed into his hand uneasily, hiding a smile. "Yes, well, as it happens-"

"Oh come off it, Brigadier. Long-winded as usual," reprimanded a jovial voice from the other side of the bed.

Sarah turned her head slowly. In a chair situated close to her bedside sat a lean figure leering at her mischievously. He was lounging with his hands folded over his abdomen, long legs crossed at the ankles and stretched out before him. "Hullo, Sarah Jane," he said cheerfully, leaning forward and nudging the brown felt hat back on the mop of curls. He reached behind the chair and brought forth a bouquet of flowers, handing them over with a flourish. She accepted them and sniffed their delicate fragrance before the realization hit her and she gave a cry of delight, trying to sit up only to be pushed gently back against the pillows by the Brigadier. The Doctor rested his hand lightly on hers; assurance that he truly existed. There was a light in his eyes that said everything -- from his pleasure at seeing her up and chipper to his overall concern for her well-being. His face belied nothing.

"I can't leave you alone for a few days without you getting into trouble," he admonished.

"A few days? It's been a whole year!"

"Exactly. And what is a year to a Time Lord save the passing of a few days, eh?"

"You pulled me out?" she asked, awed. He nodded. "But, how did you know I was there? How could you possibly have. . .?"

"Easy, now. One question at a time. I hadn't the vaguest idea that you were in there. I was simply passing by when I felt a strong surge of power coming from the house. I went to have a look and found things falling apart. That's when I heard you scream." He squeezed her hand, and winked, "There's really no mistaking that yell of yours."

"But the others? Professor Lyson and the reporters?"

"All dead, I'm afraid," the Brigadier offered, firmly. "Miss Smith, what happened down there?"

"Doctor. . ."

"Shh!. . ." The Time Lord glanced warningly at the Brigadier who obediently, if not sullenly, withdrew. "Now Sarah," he said, gazing intently at her face, "what happened?"

"I. . .I can't remember." She passed a hand before her eyes, rubbing her temple. Concenterating, she could come up with nothing save the image of Professor Lyson screaming like an enraged bull. "Nothing," she sighed, apologetic.

The Doctor pursed his lips and then, smiling, leaned forward. "Listen to me, Sarah. This is very important." His eyes grew wide and intense, "I want you to concentrate. . ."

"Oh no! Not again!" she cried. "A whole year and you immediately start off. . ." Moving swiftly, he brought his hands up and tapped her lightly on the temples. Her entire body slackened, relaxing completely, and he drew his hands away, regarding the glazed brown eyes with a gentle smile.

"Is she all right?"

"Perfectly. Sarah? Sarah, can you hear me?" She nodded her head slowly, saying nothing, eyes wide. "Good. Now Sarah, I want you to tell me everything that happened from

the moment you entered that building this morning." A frown shadowed her face and she tensed, moving her head from side to side on the pillow. "Shh. Shh. It's all right. There is no pain. It's over with. It's only an image; a dream. Do you understand? It's only an image."

"Only an image," she repeated obediently, relaxing again.

"That's right. Now, tell me what happened, Sarah."

Stepping up behind the Doctor's chair, the Brigadier listened intently to her account of the morning's happenings, from the opening of the sealed flask and the sudden raging wind unleashed by it, to the collapse of the stairs and the death of the young reporter beside her. The Time Lord seemed particularly interested in the description of Lyson's sudden change in personality. When she had spent herself and there was no more to tell, she settled deeper into the pillow and waited.

"That's just fine, Sarah. I want you to rest now."

"Rest," she whispered.

"Yes, that's it. You feel relaxed; totally comfortable. You're going to sleep now, Sarah."

"Sleep. . ."

"That's right." He brought his fingers up again, lightly touching the pressure points. Passing a hand over her face he gently closed her eyes, drawing her blankets up about her shoulders and tucking them down.

"How long will she be like that?"

"Oh, the rest of the afternoon, I'd say." He stood, stretching. "Enough time for us to take a look around the ruins and see what we can turn up on our own." He crossed to the opposite side of the bed, holding the door for the Brigadier and following after him. Before allowing the door to close he turned for a last look at the sleeping girl. She sighed, turning over onto her side. Closing the door quietly, he joined the Brigadier in the hall.

"We'll take Bessie," he said as they moved along the hospital corridor.

"Doctor, maybe it would be best if I drove. . ."

"Oh nonsense! Bessie's far better equipped than anything you could have brought along. Come on," and the Doctor turned a corner, passing through the reception area and out the glass doors. With a sigh, the Brigadier shook his head and followed, pausing to speak with one of his soldiers standing at rigid attention in the waiting area. "Keep an eye on Miss Smith."

"Yes sir," replied the soldier, snapping off a salute as his commander turned and strolled out the door.

The Brigadier found the Doctor already sitting in the driver's seat of a bright yellow Bently roadster that purred contently. Opening the door, he was barely into the passenger seat before the Doctor shifted gears and hit the gas pedal. With a loud thrumming roar, the little car was off like a shot.

A curtain parted from the window facing the street. Looking down at the receding Bently, a figure in a torn grey suit smiled. Turning away, he started down the hospital corridor to a supply closet. Glancing first left, then right, he slipped inside, pulling the door closed behind him.

"What do you expect to find?" shouted the Brigadier, one hand clamped firmly on the top of his head in order to prevent the slipstream from yanking away his cap. His other hand gripped the top rim of the windscreen as the Doctor, completely at ease, spun the wheel hard left and bounced onto a little side street.

"I won't know that until I see it," he called back, taking another turn at high speed. For a moment the little car rode on two wheels, threatening to tip the Brigadier onto the tarmac before righting itself. "It won't be anything from this world."

"What makes you say that?"

"Call it a hunch. Look at this," and he delved into the gl-ve compartment of the vehicle, manuevering it with one hand. He passed a piece of paper to the Brigadier who, deciding it might be better to release his hold on the car rather than the hat, took it with a free hand. It

was a newspaper clipping showing the flasks that had been found in the cellar of the Moorely House. "Look at the one to the far left. The seal."

Squinting, the Brigadier looked. "There appears to be some queer sort of marking, I'll admit, but it's all Greek to me."

"The Greeks are hardly to blame for that. Turn it upside down."

Reversing the paper, the U.N.I.T. commander looked again. The seal now took on the aspect of a leering devil with horns. "I say, are you trying to tell me that the Devil's behind this?"

"Not quite the Devil. A Deamon."

"What?"

"D-A-E-M-O-N. Daemon."

"But, the last one was defeated. You remember; we were all there with that Master chap. You and Miss Grant. . ."

"That doesn't mean that the race didn't leave a few things behind. A care package or two or some kind of surveillance device. I'm not sure. . .yet."

"Could it be that bad? I mean, after all, there are no more Daemons left."

"Never trust completely what your adversary tells you, especially if they profess themselves gods." The Brigadier looked skeptical and the Doctor shook his head angrily, "Twelve people are already dead. Sarah was almost one of them. Whatever was unleashed in that house is not going to stop with a little fireworks display. It hasn't stopped yet. It's only just begun!"

"Sir?"

"I'm Doctor Beasly. I've come to check up on Miss Smith."

The soldier looked the white jacketed figure over, taking in the little name tag and the spotless uniform of the surgeon. "Right, sir," and he held the door open, allowing him to pass through.

"Thank you." The soldier closed the door behind him and the surgeon paused, looking at the figure lying in the bed. He smiled, reaching under the white smock, dipping a hand into the pocket of his grey trousers. The overhead lighting glinted from the cold steel of the scalpel that emerged, its handle gripped firmly in the palm of his hand. With carefully measured steps the intruder advanced on Sarah.

As his shadow fell over her, she woke, blinking upward with sleepy eyes. Seeing the scalpel raised above her, she screamed and threw herself off of the bed just as the blade plunged downward and buried itself into the mattress. Scrambling to her feet, she cried out a second time, drawing the attention of the soldier outside. He threw wide the door, rifle in hand. Turning, the surgeon dodged under the barrel of the weapon and caught the unfortunate man in the throat with the scalpel. He sank to the ground without a sound, the rifle clattering to the tiles. Turning, the assailant fixed Sarah with a satisfied grin. Cringing in a corner, she watched with wide eyes as he approached her, the bloody instrument making sweeping passes in the air. He lunged again and she scampered to the side, spinning and kicking him squarely on the seat of his trousers and pelting through the open door.

She started yelling, attracting the attention of everyone on the floor. In a matter of seconds, interns, doctors, and nurses came running. Patients, wearing puzzled expressions, peered through the doors of their rooms. A young, blonde-haired doctor was the first to reach her. Grasping her shoulders he shook her once, hard, until she stopped screaming.

"Get ahold of yourself!" he bellowed into her face. "What's wrong?"

"There," she gasped, pointing a shaking finger at her room. "He's in there. He murdered the guard. Please, he's trying to kill me!"

Passing her off to a nurse that had just arrived on the scene, the doctor moved into the room, stooping by the body of the fallen soldier. A moment's probing was all he needed to know that there was nothing to be done. He poked under the bed, into the closet, under the table and found nothing. The room was empty.

Outside, a crowd had gathered. Grasping the arm of an intern, he instructed the lad to go off and phone the police. Then, he turned to Sarah. "There's no one in there, Miss."

"But he was!" she insisted. "He killed that soldier. He tried to kill me!"

"Nurse, take her to Ward Five and give her a mild sedative."

"I don't need a sedative!" she yelped as the nurse started to guide her away. "I know what I saw." Suddenly she stopped, pulling her arm free of the nurse. "You think I killed him, don't you?"

"That's for the police to decide, Miss."

"What? But I. . ."

"Nurse, I said get her out of here."

"No! I didn't kill him," and, jerking her arm free, she was off and running, sprinting down the corridor.

"Quick! After her!" The young doctor gave chase with several personnel close behind. A patient or two decided to join the free-for-all, uniting with the crowd of people as they scrambled down the corridor.

Turning onto the stairwell, Sarah raced through the door, slamming it shut behind her and running downward. There were no lights -- an oddity that didn't command her attention -- and, grasping the railing, she negotiated the descent as best she could, praying that she didn't trip and kill herself. Echoing behind her, the door slammed open, bouncing from the concrete wall. The stairwell was filled with the sounds of pursuit.

Just when she felt that she could run no further, a hand shot out of the darkness, covering her mouth like a vise. The pungent odor of chloroform wafted over her and, struggling, she tried to pull free of her captor. The pounding foorsteps became fainter, more distant, until the only sound was a loud rushing in her ears.

Removing his hand, the grey suited figure dropped the chemical soaked cloth into his pocket while trying to manuever the limp weight of the girl in his arms. Draping her effortlessly over his shoulder, he started down the stairs. . .

Dropping the magnifying glass back into his jacket pocket, the Doctor stood and stretched, dusting himself down. The Brigadier was standing beside the Bentley with a military walkie-talkie held to his ear. "Slow down, man, I can't understand you. Now what's this about Miss Smith?" Turning, the Gallifreyan started to move across the debris, ducking under the rope barrier that had been set up around the destruction. "Right. We'll be right there."

"Trouble?" asked the Doctor, lazily scratching his chin and casting ap robing eye over the rubble.

"Lots of it, I'm afraid. Miss Smith is missing."

"Missing? What do you mean, missing?" he demanded.

"Precisely that, and the police want her for questioning."

"Explain on the way," and he catapulted over the vehicle's door into the driver's seat. He had the car already moving by the time the Brigadier had his feet on the running board.

Pulling the sheet over the pale face of the soldier, the coroner looked up to the Brigadier. He nodded, allowing the stretcher to be borne away. "And you say that Miss Smith couldn't possibly have done it?" asked the Brigadier.

"Of course she didn't!" snapped the Doctor, standing upright from where he had been examining the mattress.

"He's right, sir," replied the medical examiner. "By the angle of the blow and the force needed to do the resulting damage, I'd say it would clear Miss Smith completely."

The young doctor that had first arrived upon the scene, John Howerd by name, stood quietly in a corner of the room. "Didn't she say that someone was trying to kill her?" demanded the Doctor, rounding on the young surgeon.

"There was no one else in the room."

"Did you bother looking out the window?"

"Out the window, sir?"

"Yes, out the window!"

"But we're nine floors up. He couldn't possibly have jumped and survived."

Stalking over the the window, the Doctor threw up the sash. He poked his head out the window and, throwing a leg over the sill, climbed out.

"Doctor! What on earth are you doing?" demanded the Brigadier, racing to the opening. He looked out, finding his Scientific Advisor standing on a narrow ledge, his back against the wall and arms crossed over his chest.

"Look there," he said gravely, pointing at the granite of the overhand. It was Dr. Howerd who saw the drying drops of blood spattered along the ledge.

"I. . . I didn't know. . . "

"Because you didn't look!" snapped the Doctor, swinging himself back into the room. "Responsibility is nothing to sneeze at."

"But, I don't understand. Why would anyone want to kill Miss Smith?"

Ignoring him, the Doctor ran out the door and headed off in the direction of the stairwell. "There he goes," sighed the Brigadier, jogging to keep pace with him. Reaching the stairwell door, he turned and looked hard at the surgeon who had accompanied them. "What happened when you chased her?"

"She went into here and gave us the slip."

"Well, I'll just go down and have a look." The trio moved into the darkness, picking their way down carefully. The Doctor grunted, rummaging about in his pockets and producing an electric torch which he switched on; the yellowish beam danced on grey walls. He took the steps three at a time, leaving his two companions far behind. Several feet down, the steps hit a landing and turned, descending again. "What's that?"

"What?"

"That smell?"

"Choloroform, isn't it?" responded the Brigadier, sniffing.

"In a stairwell?"

"It doesn't look good, does it?"

"No, Brigadier. I'd say that it doesn't. . . "

Far back in the hospital's basement the grey suited man sat gleefully on a rickety old stool, rubbing his palms together. All about him were piled boxes laced with cobwebs, long abandoned. A fallout shelter during the last World War, this section of the hospital had fallen into the unglamorous role of storage space. There were no windows into the room, only an archway that led off of the main corricor, hidden by packing crates.

Sarah lay on a makeshift table consisting of a board supported by two metal folding chairs. Lined along her left side were six ceramic flasks; the flasks from the Moorely House excavation.

Eagerly, almost hungrily, the man leaned forward on his stool. His eyes were bright and bore the light of fanaticism. A blood-encrusted scalpel peeked up from a breast pocket of his shirt. Reaching forward, he stroked the soft, dark brown hair of the girl lying prone before him. His fingers trailed to her neck, feeling the delicate warmth of her skin, his hand trembling as he moved it downward then raised it, resting at last on the vials. As soon as she awoke. . . that's all that was needed now. . .

"Look, I know I've mucked things up," said Dr. Howerd, following the doctor on the gloomy stairs, "and I'll make up for it. Just let me go with you."

"Shh," and the Doctor turned, glaring.

"Ay?"

"Be quiet! We don't want to alert him."

"Alert who?"

The Doctor stopped, sighing with exasperation. How did this man have the intelligence to get through medical school? "No one saw him leave the hospital, correct?"

"Right."

"Then they didn't leave. He must have dragged her straight down into the basement. It can still smell chloroform, can't you?"

"But someone would surely have found them by now. I mean, the Brigadier said he was going to search every inch of the place, right?"

"By the time his men get here it could be too late. Besides, how often do you go down into the basement?" and he was off again, loping down the steps. Resigned, Dr. Howerd followed.

"Hmm? Where. . . oh!" Sarah tried to sit up but found herself pinned to the board's surface by a coil of surgical gauze. A pudge, sweaty face loomed before her, the eyes glowing with a fearsome light. The breath that buffeted her face reeked of something unfathomably foul.

"You!" she hissed. "But. . . it can't be! I thought you'd died.

"Yes. Yes. They all think that," he nodded, grinning stupidly. Professor Lyson reached a hand forward, stroking her hair, rubbing the fine strands between his fingers. "I alone will live to fulfill the commandment."

"What? What are you burbling about? Let me go!"

"I've waited so very long. Oh, yes. So very long. I have heard the call of the Great Ones. You. . . you were there. You heard their call; you abandoned them."

"You're mad!" But he hadn't heard her, and instead let his hand fall to rest on the six sealed flasks.

"They will come as of old," he chanted, blissful. He removed the scalpel from his pocket. "All they require is devotion. And sacrifice. Not much to ask in return for power. For absolute power," and he chuckled. He cocked his head, caressing her body with his eyes. "You tried to stop me. You tried to destroy the holy relics by which I shall call them to me. They left them here for me to find; for me to summon them back. You. . . you must repent your indiscretion. You will repent. . . " and he brought the scalpel high over her chest, standing with it; positioning it with meticulous care over the area of her heart. She struggled frantically, eyes wide as the blade began its descent before the eyes of the madman. . .

A body hurtled forward and Lyson went down with a grunt. Sarah could only make out a flurry of activity in the shadows, the end of a scarf flying near her face. Dr. Howerd was by her side immediately, untying the bindings that held her captive.

Lyson grappled with the Doctor, bringing his knee up hard and catching the Time Lord in the abdomen. With a scream of rage he threw him aside, tangling the Doctor in his own scarf. Raising the blade, he started to jab downward when Howerd caught him from behind. Lyson dipped and spun, thrusting forward and stabbing Howerd. He was dead before he hit the floor, his full weight causing Lyson to stagger backward from the table. Sarah screamed as Lyson, throwing the body aside, lunged for her with single-minded intent.

Suddenly the Doctor was back in the fray, rearing up behind the man and delivering a sharp chop to the base of his neck with the flat of his hand. Lyson groaned and fell, trying to stand but another blow sent him sprawling. The Doctor only gave him a cursory glance, kneeling beside Howerd and touching his throat briefly. Brushing off his hands, he stood and shook his head to Sarah's questioning stare.

He finished undoing the gauze and helped her to sit up, placing an awkward arm about her shoulder as she shuddered, He patted her on the head, giving her a reassuring smile, his hand falling from the soft hair to press the nerve above the temple. She relaxed in his arms. His voice, soft, yet commanding, whispered in her ear, "You feel no fear; no pain. . . "



Turning away from the wreckage of the Moorely House, Sarah and the Doctor strolled along the street under a beautiful sunny sky.

"but what happened?" she asked again for the fourth time.

The Doctor shrugged, plucking a leaf from a maple as ther passed under it. "The Daemons left a little failsafe."

"Failsafe?"

"Yes. You see, there were all hidden originally, depending on man to wake them at staged intervals. The vials were a sort of a reminder just in case belief in them fell to the wayside. I thought it was obvious," and he fixed her with guileless eyes.

"Is there something like that in all of those vials?"

"Probably. I don't care to find out. Just to be sure, I'll pop by Damos and drop this lot off. Better that they remain where they were created. Ah, here we are!" He unlocked the door and opened it wide, flicking a loose shabing of paint off of the door, waiting. Finally he looked over his shoulder expectantly. Sarah looked back, the slightest hint of a smile playing across her lips. She was, after all, only awaiting the formalities.

"Ready to be savaged by bug-eyed monsters?" he intoned seriously.

"And hypnotised left, right and center?" she responded. "Wouldn't miss it," and she scooted past him into the brightly lit control room -- the control room she knew so well.

She was home.


LAB
83

I CAN'T HALF BREATHE

by Tristo C. Cust

Mother mother I feel sick
Call the Doctor, quick-quick-quick!

Radiation all around
I'm not feeling very sound.

Salamar keep your neutron core
Tumors make my head feel sore.

No more Skaro, no more Kastria
Cancer spreading quite a bit faster.

Sure I believed you, "Have no fear,
The radiation's not high here."

"Come with me, we'll have fun!"
Oops, doused again by another alien gun.

"The Earth's cooled off from the solar flairs."
I remember you saying, back when I had hair.

Kraal like their's a bit too high.
"Doesn't matter (ha-ha) we won't die."

Talk to the Great One, become a new you!
Now my form is changing too.

You never mentioned your other companions
Why that was I now know.
And if they look at all like me
You probably had fun watchin' 'em glow.

Mother mother will I die?
"Yes my dear, by-and-by."

Just the same I'd go again
Quarry or tunnel
I'll never find a better friend.

A CHAT WITH DEBORAH WATLING

by Christopher Marton

In these times of girl assistants being proclaimed as a new breed of emancipated females - but still ending up as screaming wrecks - it is perhaps opportune to recall a time in the program's history when this was not the case. Quite the reverse, in fact. One of the old-fashioned Who-femmes will always be held up as the most timid of the bunch - yet conversely, one of the bravest as well! Who else but Victoria Waterfield?

"Oh, no! She wasn't liberated at all. Nowadays, I look at the girls in "Doctor Who" and think "Oh, that's wonderful. This is marvellous!

"That's what the girls are there for - so the Doctor and his male assistant can rescue them. It's all knights in shining armor!"

With such a down-to-Earth view of her stint in the program, it is surprising, perhaps, to discover that Deborah Watling recalls her role as Victoria with such affection. After all, the character's preponderance for screaming at whatever alien nastie came her way earned her the on-set nickname of "Leatherlungs!"

I interviewed Miss Watling backstage before her performance in the play "The Hollow," by Agatha Christie. Needless to say it was a Whodunnit of the breed invariably based around an English Country house where all the guests have strong motives for murdering the victim. However, Miss Christie did not become an international favorite with this genre for nothing, and she flavored the plot with a few ingenious denouements.

Deborah Watling's role in the play was that of the film star Veronica Craye. (It has since been assumed by, of all people, mandy Rice-Davies, a woman more renowned for her role in a real-life scandal). Miss Craye, a local resident of the area, is as shallow and scheming as she is beautiful. Her first entrance - in the middle of a house party - clad in expensive and low-cut evening dress ensures her becoming the cynosure of all eyes - on-stage and off!

Thankfully, Miss Watling's personality was far-removed from the bitchy beauty she protrayed. She admits quite openly that her own family background influenced her choice of career. Her father is Jack Watling (More of whom later), and her mother, Patricia Hicks, was an actress before her marriage. Sisters Michola and Dilys and brother Giles are also in the "business."

"If you're brought up in an acting family, you know nothing else. My dad would go to the studios at eight in the morning and come back at five after a day's work. My friend's fathers did the same - only they all worked in an office.

"I think my father - poor dad! - would have wanted one of us to be a solicitor, or a doctor, or something."

Debbie admitted that her stint at drama school wasn't a lengthy one. "I went for three weeks - then walked out! I was lucky; I went straight into television - which was lovely. I did a few series, then thought; 'I must try theater!'"

"You start to learn after you leave drama school - just as you learn all about driving after you pass your test." Debbie certainly doesn't regret leaving drama school so early - nor does she have any reason to.

"My first television role was Alice (In Wonderland) in one of the Wednesday Plays. I was on the cover of the Radio Times - which was nice - so I started off with quite a bang!"

Ironically, in his Target novelization of "Tomb of the Cybermen," Gerry Davis commented on Victoria's resemblance to Alice - the archetypal "little-girl-lost" in a world of bizarre fantasy. It was Mr. Davis who named the character after his daughter.

"I think it was Innes Lloyd - who was the producer then - who saw me the year before. He didn't think I was mature enough then - which I wasn't - because I'd just got into the business. When, a year later, he rang me up and said; 'How do you feel about coming to play Victoria?' And I thought; 'Oh, yes. That'd be lovely!'"

"It was great fun. Pat, Frazer, and I got on very well!"

Victoria - daughter of the tormented 19th century scientist Edward Waterfield - debuted in episode two of "Evil of the Daleks". Her role in the first few episodes was muted - mostly restricted to cowering in terror from the Daleks. In retrospect, Debbie admitted it was probably a good idea to slowly phase the character in that way. "I was going to become part of a team. Presumably, they didn't know how I was going to fit in." By the end of that serial, however, her role was enlarged upon and ended with her being transported away from Skaro in the TARDIS with Jamie and the Doctor.

Her first full season in the program coincided with the advent of the so-called DW monsters. Did she find it difficult playing opposite Cybermen, Yeti, and Ice Warriors? "No. It's part of my job."

"I remember Bernard Bresslaw (Varga in the Ice Warriors). He couldn't see in that costume, and I had to lead him through the ice caves - which were made of polystyrene. I wasn't meant to be leading him - he was supposed to be leading me! So we did this take, and I was saying; 'Left a bit, left a bit, right a bit.' Of course, he couldn't hear either. So he walked straight through this wall. It was unbelievable - this huge Ice Warrior wrecking this cave!"

It was during her time on "Doctor Who" that she first acted opposite her father. Jack Watling played the role of the eccentric scientist and explorer Professor Travers in the Abominable Snowmen and the "Web of Fear." It was the first Yeti story in particular that Debbie recalled with the greatest delight.

"We were filming in Snowdonia, and it was Dad's first take. Frazer and I were running down the mountains - chased by the Yeti - and father pops up from behind a boulder with a wooly cap pulled down over his eyes and wearing Wellington boots.

"Well, Frazer and I looked at each other, we looked at father, he looked absolutely hysterical, and we roared! We couldn't do that take for five goes. Every time we looked at Father, we just couldn't stop ourselves. It was fun!"

Her location-work on Victoria's final story, "Fury from The Deep," also gave rise to several hilarious - not to say scary - moments. "We were filming in Margate. Frazer said; 'Do you fancy a trip in a helicopter?' and I said; 'Yes.'

"Well, that was alright, but there were no doors on these things! Frazer got in the middle, and I sat on the outside. We went up in this thing, and Frazer went rather white. I said; "It's alright for you, but there's nothing between me and the air!"

"Then we had to land on a cliff. It didn't look like we were going to make it - and I had visions of this helicopter crawling up the side."

Though Frazer Hines insisted on Jamie always wearing the kilt to maintain the character, Victoria changed very quickly from her long dress to contemporary fashions. Debbie didn't mind the change-over so much as the original dress was too impractical for running about in. However, she had one or two reservations about costuming afterwards - this being the 60's heyday of the mini-skirt.

"The first one ended just above the knees. I said; 'I think this is rather short.' They said; 'No, no, it's alright!' And gradually they got shorter and shorter, until it was a very little mini!"

With a couple of renowned pranksters on-set like Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines, it was inevitable that poor Debbie would fall foul of practical jokes. "They were lovely, but they used to sent me up rotten!

"We had to find this foam on Margate Beach, and they had to examine it. I said; 'Well, I'll stay on the outside and just watch you.' It was the days of the mini-skirt, I didn't want to get wet, and it was freezing anyway. So they agreed. There were a lot of people watching, and the director said; 'Action!'

"So they started to examine the foam. Then, suddenly, they stopped. They looked at me, then at each other, then back at me. Then they rushed towards me and grabbed me, dragged me into the middle of this foam, and dumped me! They threw me up and dripped me right into it. It was January - it was freezing - all the sand stuck to me - and I rose from the foam like some monster! Of course, everybody laughed - except me - and they said; 'Cut! We'll have to do that again.' And I said; 'You swines! You swines!' "

Debbie did not admit to having a particular favorite monster, but - like Pat Troughton - conceded a fondness for the Yeti. However, there was one alien she definitely did not like - the Cybermats. "I thought they were silly! I just laughed!"

It was Debbie's own decision to leave the program. This caused a stir in the production office - as Victoria had been written into the next six stories. "They said; 'Why do you want to leave?' I replied; 'Well, I loved doing it, but I want to move on.' " Afterwards, she was out of work for six months. "I was prepared for that. I thought I'd got out in time, but I'd been on the box solidly for a year. People do tend to get sick of a face." (Laughs)

Fortunately, Debbie's career took a turn for the better. Her stage roles have included Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," "A Bequest to the Nation," "The Sack Race," and as the late Arthur Lowe's daughter in J. B. Priestly's "Laburnam Grove." Her film-work has included a starring role opposite Cliff Richard in "Take Me High," and viewers to BBC 2's Rock-Week special will recall her role with David Essex in "That'll Be The Day." Her best-known recent TV role was that of Norma in "Danger UXB," for which she dyed her hair blonde.

For a long time, it looked as if Debbie would be eternally saddled with juvenile roles - even into her thirties. She confesses that there are few worthwhile juvenile parts and is relieved at being offered more mature characters. However, she has no overriding ambitions as regards future roles - although she did concede; "I always wanted to play Cleopatra. Of course, you can't have a five-foot, blue-eyed, Lady of the Nile. It would look a bit silly.

"I love theatre - it's instant contact with the audience.

"Television, I like. I adore films, but how many British films are being made nowadays?"

With Victoria long behind her, Deborah Watling looks to have a long and varied career ahead of her. She still looks back on her role as the program's archtypal defenceless heroine with a great deal of amusement and affection - though, she sadly confesses to have lost all contact with Pat Troughton since she departed from the series. She did meet Frazer Hines very recently, however, and admitted he doesn't appear to have changed much. She is still asked for autographs by ardent fans of the program - though this has not been without the odd embarrassing moment.

"One boy came up to me and said; 'I always watch "Doctor Who," and you played Victoria, didn't you?' He was a big strapping boy, and I said; 'Yes.' Then he said; 'Of course I never saw you as I wasn't born then.' And I thought (wryly) 'Yes, thank you. That's done me a power of good!'"

THE DREAM

by Sandra L. Manning

I had a dream last night

And in this dream
I heard the voice of a friend
Lying helpless and broken
Say softly, "It's the end"

And I knew that it was you
Noble. . . .gentle Time Lord
Your lives cut once more asunder
By fate's untimely sword

I called out your name
Hoping you would hear
And know that you were not alone
And that I too felt your fear

I longed to be with you
An hold your hand in mine
To tell you not to be afraid
And that everything would be fine

I remembered all those time
You tried to do the same
But you could never seem to find the words
To help me through my pain

And behind all my anger and frustration
I was too damned blind to see
The most precious gifts of all
That you unselfishly gave to me

Friendship so tender
Sacrifice so complete
And love, love unspoken
Yet so infinitely deep

I thought of how I would feel
To die so all alone
On some strange planet
So far away from home

But then I saw you lying there
With the others by your side
Your face alive and smiling
Your eyes so bright and wide

And like a child
I cried
For the guilt and sadness
I could no longer hide

I never told you, Doctor
How much you meant to me
Not even when I had the chance
That day you set me free

But then your face became a blur
And the dream began to fade
And all at once I realized
The terrible mistake I'd made. . . .

. . . .Until I felt the hand
Close firmly over mine
Just as it had before
In some other place and some other time

And I knew that it was you
Come to say good-bye
Telling me you understood
And that I should not cry

Then quickly as you'd come
You were gone again
But before I opened up my eyes
This message, to you, I sent:

Rest peacefully, My Doctor
In Time's eternal sleep
And in my heart, your smile
I will forever keep

For no man in the Universe
Will ever, ever be
As special as you were, Doctor
My friend from Gallifrey

REFLECTIONS

by Carol McPherson

Images in a mirror,
dark specter,
the Beast within shines through
from time to time.
A glimmer of madness in the eyes.
So hard to control. . .
still so hard.

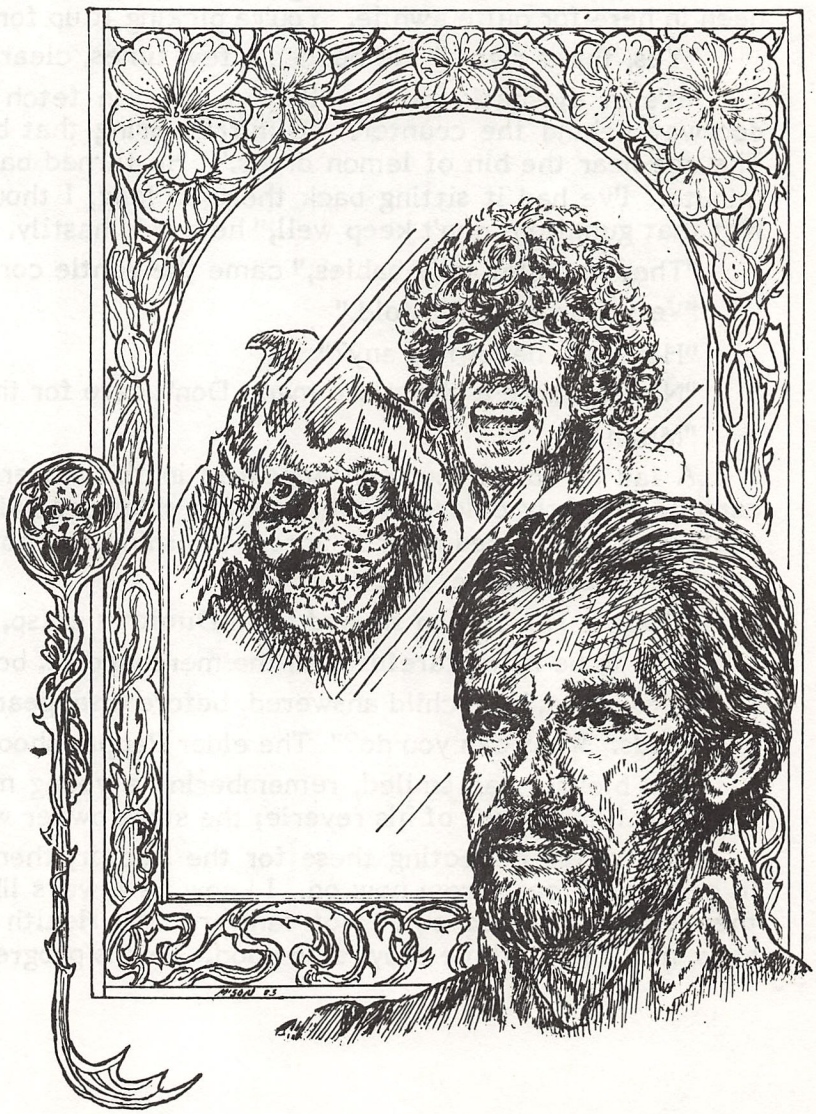
There can be no damnation,
no torment to match mine.
To feel the flesh rot away,
to watch my decay
an abomination to all living things.
How can you fault my madness?

I wanted eternal life,
to see the man who
had brought me to ruin,
destroyed.
But he cast me down instead,
into the pit; a fallen angel.
Once so fine,
now so degraded,
once so loved,
now so despised.

But I rose again
guarded by the Sash of Rassilon,
and I have the renewal
I sought so desperately.
The flesh is firm again,
the body full of life.

But when I look at my reflection
I see you watching, alive despite all,
mocking me with laughter.
You mock what I've become,
a vampire,
draining the life-force
of others, robbing their soul.
My eyes reflect back the decay,
the hellfire still inside of me.

You, Doctor, are the light,
and I am Darkness.
Small wonder I hate you so
But the truth is. . .
I hate myself more.



UNFINISHED BUSINESS
by Teresa Sarick

"New Road Sweet Shoppe" read the sign. Inside the small shop the proprietor bustled about selling sweets to the local children. Toffy kisses, caramels, chocolate bars, and peppermint sticks were exchanged for sticky coins from eager hands.

The bell over the door tinkled as a young man entered the shop. Glancing about hesitantly, he remained near the doors until the last of the small customers had been waited on and left.

A middle-aged man in a white smock turned his attention on the young man.

"Yes, yes. What can I do for you?" asked the storekeeper in slightly accented English.

"Well, Mr. Pappas, I'm here on a sort of errand." He approached the counter uncertainly.

The dark haired Greek studied him with piercing black eyes. "Do I know you, sir?"

"No, not exactly." he answered, pushing a stray lock of blonde hair from his forehead. "Although I am acquainted with your, uh, establishment."

"Enough with these riddles. Do you have business here or not?" asked the man brusquely.

"Yes, of course. I've come about a special order you've been holding."

Pappas responded quickly. "I have many things on order."

"Well, it was a rather unusual item."

The Greek could've sworn the young man was blushing. "What was it?"

"Thirtypoundsofjellybabies," he answered all in a rush.

"Oh, yes. That's been a long-standing order. For the Doctor, I remember. But he hasn't been in here for quite awhile. You're picking it up for him?"

"Yes, that's right." He nodded a few times, clearly relieved.

"It's in the back room. I'll have my son fetch it for you." Pappas leaned through a doorway behind the counter. "Dimitri! Bring that big white box on the top shelf out here. The one near the bin of lemon drops." He turned back to his customer. "He'll be here in a minute. I've had it sitting back there so long, I thought I'd have to sell it as reduced goods. Not that gumdrops don't keep well," he added hastily.

"They're called jelly babies," came the gentle correction.

"Very flavorful, I'm told."

"Have you never had any?"

"No, I'm more a chocolate man. Don't care for those gummy things."

"Mmmm."

A lad of about fourteen appeared in the storeroom door, struggling with a large white carton. Brightly colored letters on the sides proclaimed "Bassett's Jelly Babies." A line of smiling babies danced merrily across the shiny cardboard.

"Set it down here, son."

"Ooof." The burden slipped from Dimitri's grasp, and thudded on the glass counter.

"Try to be more careful with the merchandise, boy."

"Yes, papa," the child answered, before disappearing into the back room.

"Kids. What can you do?" The elder Pappas shook his head in tolerant amusement.

The blonde man smiled, remembering a young man he had known for a very brief time. He shook himself out of his reverie; the store owner was speaking again.

"So, you're collecting these for the Doctor, then? Tell him I have to make up the order in cellophane bags from now on. I know he always liked them in those white paper jobs, but they're being phased out. Not sanitary, the Health Board says. Fifteen years I used paper bags, now they tell me they're no good. This is progress?"

The young man shook his head in sympathy.

"Will you want to put in another request for next month?" Pappas asked as he totaled up the bill.

"I'm afaid not. He-um-won't be needing them anymore."

The shopkeeper blinked up from his arithmetic. "Nothing wrong with the Doctor, is there?" he asked in concern.

"No. I guess you could say that he's sort of lost his sweet tooth." Horrid sugary things, he thought to himself, peering over the carton of candies.

"That's too bad. He always seemed so cheerful when he picked up a new supply."

"People change. And too much sugar is not good for the diet," was the rather stodgy reply."

"Tell it to the kids," the Greek smiled.

"Oh, I shouldn't care to try doing that," he answered, passing over the required amount of pound notes.

Gathering up his purchase, the blonde man staggered toward the door with his load. Odd, thirty pounds of jelly babies had never seemed so heavy with his earlier persona. Of course that body was a good deal sturdier.

Coming out the door, he almost collided with a tiny little girl who was skipping into the shop. "Excuse me, miss," he mumbled.

Clutching the box in his arms, he wondered what he could do with the mound of sweets. He had only called for them out of a sense of obligation and nothing more.

He clearly remembered the first time he had made the arrangements in Pappas' store.

"How many pounds?!" the Greek had asked. "Oh, twenty or thirty a month should be sufficient," he'd grinned. How many tons of the stuff had he consumed over the years? Thank Rassilon, he hadn't developed chronic tooth decay or terminal diabetes. But then that regeneration had always been prone to excesses. And somehow always got away with it.

But today Pappas hadn't recognized him in his latest regeneration. Although he could hardly expect him to. Still, he was somehow a little disappointed. It seemed there was nothing of his old life remaining in this new personality. He was the Doctor; and yet not the Doctor.

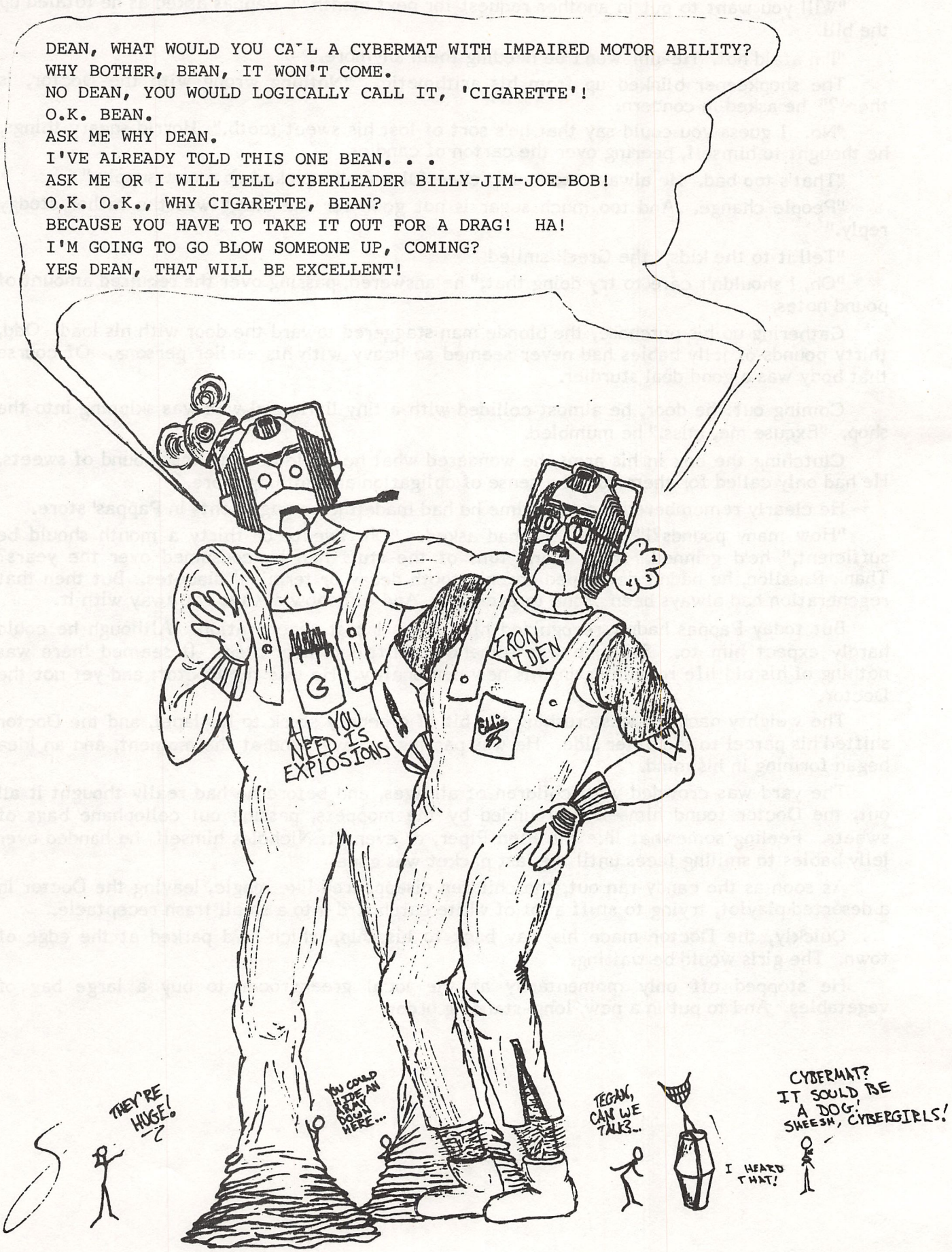
The weighty package was crushing the bit of greenery stuck to his lapel, and the Doctor shifted his parcel to the other side. He was passing a playground at the moment, and an idea began forming in his mind.

The yard was crowded with children of all ages, and before he had really thought it all out, the Doctor found himself surrounded by the moppets, passing out cellophane bags of sweets. Feeling somewhat like the Pied Piper, or even St. Nicholas himself, he handed over jelly babies to smiling faces until the last packet was gone.

As soon as the candy ran out, the children disappeared like magic, leaving the Doctor in a deserted playlot, trying to stuff a lot of white cardboard into a small trash receptacle.

Quickly, the Doctor made his way back to his ship, which he'd parked at the edge of town. The girls would be waiting.

He stopped off only momentarily at the local greengrocer to buy a large bag of vegetables. And to put in a new, long-standing order.


DEAN, WHAT WOULD YOU CA'L A CYBERMAT WITH IMPAIRED MOTOR ABILITY?
WHY BOTHER, BEAN, IT WON'T COME.
NO DEAN, YOU WOULD LOGICALLY CALL IT, 'CIGARETTE'!
O.K. BEAN.
ASK ME WHY DEAN.
I'VE ALREADY TOLD THIS ONE BEAN. . .
ASK ME OR I WILL TELL CYBERLEADER BILLY-JIM-JOE-BOB!
O.K. O.K., WHY CIGARETTE, BEAN?
BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT FOR A DRAG! HA!
I'M GOING TO GO BLOW SOMEONE UP, COMING?
YES DEAN, THAT WILL BE EXCELLENT!
ALL YOU NEED IS EXPLOSIONS
IRON MAIDEN
THEY'RE HUGE!
YOU COULD HIDE AN ARMY DOG IN HERE...
TEGAN, CAN WE TALK?..
I HEARD THAT!
CYBERMAT? IT SOULD BE A DOG! SHEESH, CYBERGIRLS!

BAD DAY AT THE OFFICE

by Jean Airey

Mrs. Sable had been Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart's secretary for nearly a year, and she was well aware that he did not like to see her 'gossiping', as he called it. She was, consequently, very quiet when she talked to a friend on the phone. Unfortunately, as she was talking this time, she didn't hear the Brigadier come up behind her. Of course, he could only hear her side of the conversation.

"I honestly don't know what we're coming to." she said earnestly. "That Doctor Smith is doing it again. . . .With that new assistant of his. . . I know, and she's so young. I'm sure she's never been involved in a situation like this.. . .Yes, it's a terrible thing.. . .Well, you know what everyone was saying about his former assistant! And now it's starting all over again. Someone really ought to do something about it." It might have been that the Brigadier's breathing had gotten heavier, but that secretarial-sixth-sense that she had suddenly started working again and she quickly closed the conversation. "Well, I've got to go now.. . .Yes, I'll call you later." She turned to look innocently at the Brigadier, trying to figure out just how much he had heard. He was obviously upset.

"Mrs. Sable. I will not have individuals making personal phone calls on UNIT time." He gave her his very best glare. "Is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir." she said meekly, wondering if it would be worth trying to explain just what she had been talking about. "It wasn't - " the glare impossibly deepened and she decided that it wouldn't be worth the effort. "It won't happen again, sir."

"See that it doesn't!" he snapped and stalked back into his office.

A few minutes later Sable was very glad to see Sarah Jane Smith arrive. As did most of the UNIT team, she liked Sarah Jane and always felt that she was a good person to go to in a crisis. After exchanging pleasantries about the weather and mutual working-women's workloads, she asked Sarah the question that had been on her mind.

"Sarah, I'd really be grateful for some advice. It's about one of the research scientists. I don't think you'd have met him. He's been causing problems - if you know what I mean - for his new assistant."

Sarah grimaced. She knew the person under discussion. "Oh - you mean Boy-boy Boynton?"

"You've heard?" Sable said in relief. "Well the last assistant he had finally quit, and now he's started harrassing his new one."

"That would be Georgette Farnsworth. She seems a spunky sort." Sarah sighed inwardly as Sable shook her head. She'd never had much trouble along that line even though reporters did have unsavoury reputations, but she kew that there was sometimes a limit to what the woman would be able to do. She'd also heard quite a bit about Dr. Boynton Smith - most of it slimy enough so that she didn't think about it any longer than she had to. Although she knew that Sable was still a bit scared of the Bridgadier, still, there were sometimes only certain people who could help you out of trouble. "But look, if you think there's going to be trouble, why don't you talk to the Brig? Honestly, I think he'd understand. And he certainly doesn't want any hanky-panky around UNIT!"

Sable looked at Sarah with resignation. She knew that that was what she should do, but had been hoping that Sarah might have had another suggestion. "I guess that's what I'll have to do. But it's very difficult for a man to understand. . ." Sarah began to absent-mindedly rub her wrist. "Have you been practicing that Venusian Aikido again?" Sarah looked guiltily at the floor. "You know that the Brigadier doesn't approve of it!"

"Well, what he doesn't know. . ."

"I wouldn't be too sure that he doesn't! You'd be surprised how little goes on around here without him knowing."

Sarah shook off the warning with a laugh, although she really did not want to think about just what the Brigadier's reaction would be if he found out that she and the Doctor had been

disobeying his specific order. Actually, she didn't believe that the Brigadier had forbidden it because of any concern for her, but for the equipment they'd destroyed in the Lab when the Doctor had been trying to show her how to fall without hurting herself. Still, they'd been practicing in the TARDIS, and she was quite sure that the Brig could not have found out about it. Well, almost quite sure. "Well, I've got to check with The Brig about this latest report from the wire service - don't worry, I can handle myself!"

She walked bravely into the Brig's office, whistling an American folksong about "Daniel In The Lion's Den" under her breath. "Good morning, Brigadier!"

The Brigadier was not at ease at all. He had been thinking about the conversation he'd just overheard and, with the best will in the world (but not much imagination) he could only put one interpretation on it. Not that he really believed that particular interpretation, but it was very possible that this young, brash female did not realize just how some people interpreted perfectly innocent things. He'd quite determined that a fatherly warning would be perfectly in line. "Oh, good morning, Miss Smith. Would you please sit down."

She sat down. He took a deep breath - in for a penny, in for a pound - "Miss Smith, I don't quite know how to put this. After all. . ." he commented almost to himself, staring all unseeing at her bruised wrist and not noticing at all her increasing discomfort. He cleared his throat and continued. "you're not a member of UNIT. I can't really give you an order, but - um - you and the Doctor - "

Sarah had always been taught that it was best to take the attack in any kind of a chess game. She didn't allow him to finish. "Oh, you do know about us." The Brig stared at her in amazement. He was not expecting so immediate or casual a reaction! "Do you really mind? I mean, It's been so helpful." She looked at him wistfully.

"Helpful?"

"Oh yes. After a long day in the lab, we just get together and have at it."

The Brigadier was wondering if he had somehow slipped into the world of Alice In Wonderland. He had heard that modern women could be very forthright in their beliefs, but he hadn't been expecting this reaction. And he certainly didn't want to get into an in-depth discussion about what was going on! "I don't think that. . ."

"It's not as though it's hurting anyone." Sarah went on impatiently. Honestly, it would be just like the man not to even give her a chance to protest such an arbitrary decision. "Oh, I get my share of the odd lump and bruise. But after all, I'm really out of practice."

"Miss Smith! I really don't think we need to discuss this in detail. . ."

Sarah wasn't really listening to what the Brigadier was saying. Generating a defense on the spur of the moment was taking up all her energy. Maybe the Brigadier thought that being a reporter automatically made her an expert in self-defense. She went on, "Of course, strictly speaking, I've never done this before. But the Doctor's going very slowly. He knows I'm new at it."

"Well I should certainly hope so!" The Brigadier was certain that he was going to have an attack of apoplexy.

"Of course, I think he forgets from time to time how big he really is." Sarah mused as she remembered the first several times she had tried to 'flip' the Doctor, and how impatient he had been at how long it had taken her to learn such a - to him - simple move.

The Brigadier knew that he was losing control of the situation. The only thing to do was to give a direct order. "Miss Smith. I really must insist that you and the Doctor stop this - this -this carrying on -immediately." Sarah looked at him in such obvious puzzlement that he felt himself blustering on. "It is not - not - healthy!"

"But the Doctor can't do it by himself! Oh, I suppose he could, but it wouldn't be nearly as good. You know that!"

"Miss Smith!!!" She looked at him with such innocence that he decided that he could not possibly have heard what he thought he had heard. He decided to try a different tack. "You are not a member of UNIT. . ."

"Well, no." Sarah decided that the Brig was obviously worried about the medical insurance problem. "But do you think that anyone else would want to? You've never shown

any interest and neither has Benton." On the other hand, she thought, maybe Army-types were only allowed to learn certain types of self-defense. "Of course, if you think it's bad for morale. . ."

Relieved to see a way out of the whole conversation, the Brigadier grasped at the straw. "Yes. Very. Very bad for morale. You've got to stop immediately."

Sarah considered the idea for a moment. Even if it couldn't be an official form of self-defense, surely they wouldn't object to a new hobby. "Well, we could always be more open about it. Maybe other people would like to join us."

The Brigadier gulped in a most unmilitary fashion. "Join you?"

Sarah realized that she had struck on an idea that the Brig hadn't considered. She bubbled on. "Oh yes, that's it. We could use the UNIT gym."

"The. . .UNIT. . .Gym. . ."

"It would be a better place anyway. We really need a lot of room."

The Brigadier was beginning to feel like a parrot. "Room?"

"For all the positions. We've just started and I've only learned 33 so far."

"33?"

"The Doctor knows hundreds." Sarah thought for a minute. "Of course, I can't do all of them."

The Brigadier was fascinated - in spite of himself. She seemed to be taking it so casually! "No?"

"I'm human. It makes a difference." The Brigadier had never considered that aspect - although he was quite aware that the doctors who had examined the Doctor when he had first returned to Earth - as the tall white-haired man - had been very upset with all of their lab results. He stopped his thoughts from the direction they were leading him. This whole conversation was really getting completely out of hand, but before he could say anything, Sarah was talking again. "Although if we used the UNIT gym and if we got more people involved, then maybe I could. . ."

That did it! "MISS SMITH! If I don't want you and the Doctor doing this, then I certainly don't want any of the other members of UNIT involved!"

Sarah was very put out by this totally arbitrary rejection of her idea. Her lower lip stuck out a little. "You're just not interested in it at all, are you," she said petulantly.

"That is my business." The Brigadier said huffily.

It was not a good idea to huff at Sarah. "Then what the Doctor and I do together is our business." She looked at the Brigadier for a minute. He really seemed distraught. She crossed over to him, placed her hand on his arm and said in her sweetest fashion, "I really don't understand why you're so upset. I know that a lot of the women you know just wouldn't be interested, but I am. And I think that it could be very helpful."

"Helpful?!"

"Yes. You know the Doctor's always getting into sticky situations and it would be nice to have some skills to get out." The Brigadier didn't react immediately and Sarah wondered if he had considered the situation in any detail.

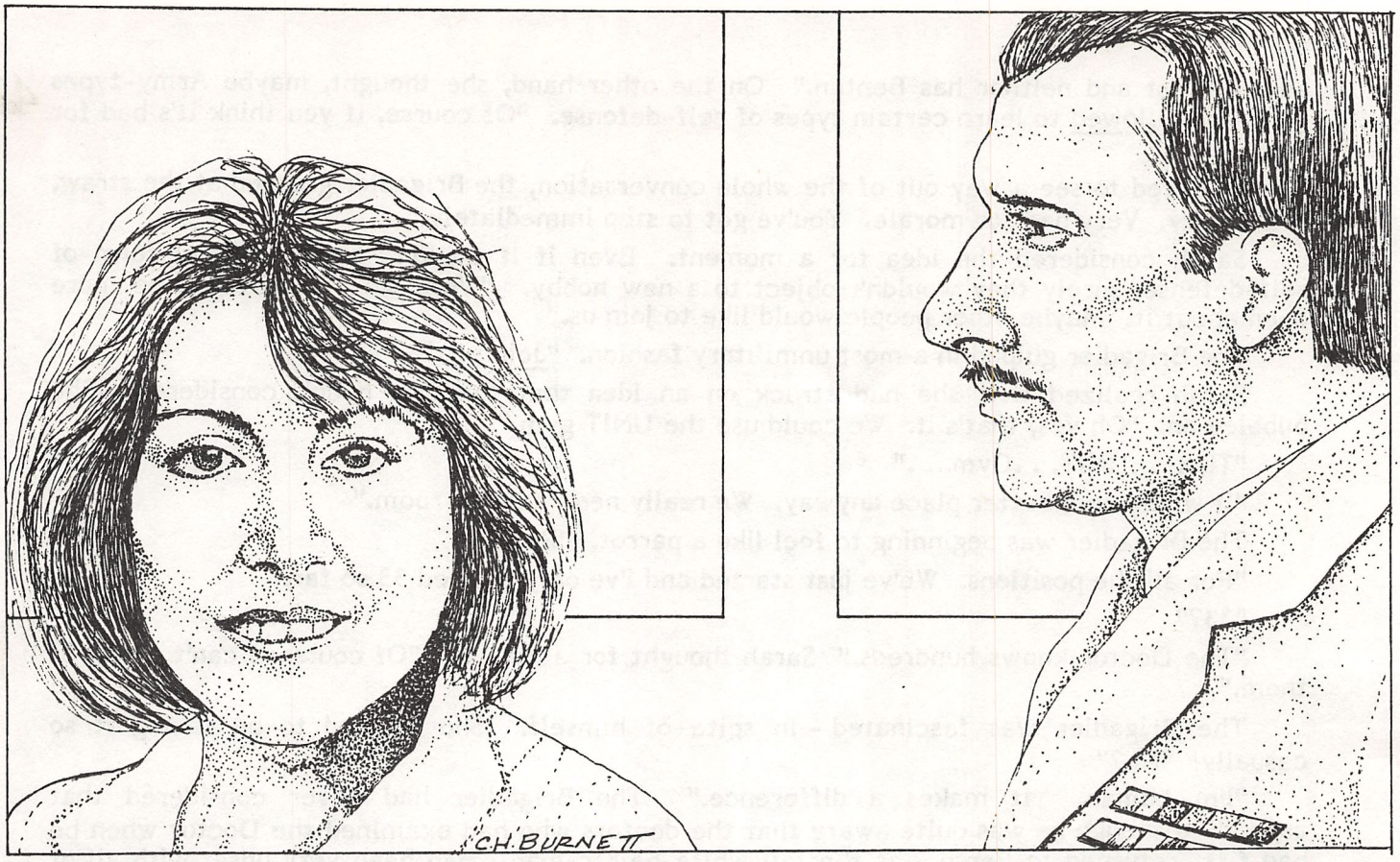
"You'd actually. . ."

"If I had to. I wouldn't like to. I really wasn't brought up that way."

"Well I should hope not."

Sarah put her chin up and glared defiantly at the Brigadier. "But if I had to, I would." She paused for a moment, considering some of the adventures she had had with the Doctor. "I don't know how good I'd be with a Sontaran. They're very heavy."

"Miss Smith. I do not want you doing it with the Doctor anymore. Or with anyone else." Sarah looked very determined, but the Brigadier was now determined to end this discussion. "Now please. I am older than you, and I am - in spite of what you think - much more experienced in these matters. Think of me as your father. . .brother. Stop. it. now. Before it's too late."



"Too late for what?" She wondered if the Brig always went off the deep end like this when his orders - requests - weren't carried out. Well, she wanted to keep on good terms with UNIT - and that meant on good terms with the Brigadier. She gave in with reluctant grace. "Oh, all right. If it means that much to you. I honestly don't see why you're so upset about it, but I'll tell the Doctor. He'll be very upset; I think he was enjoying it as much as I was.

"A little bit of discipline doesn't hurt anyone, Miss Smith. If necessary, I'll talk to the Doctor myself." The Brigadier did not particularly relish that idea, but he was never one to shirk his duty.

"You might have to." Sarah continued wryly. "You might have to take my place." Fortunately, she was not looking at the Brigadier or she might have been frozen in place by his look. "Well, I'd better go break the news. He is going to be very unhappy." She looked at the Brigadier. Her father had always taught her never to end a conversation on a sour note. "I really don't appreciate it, but thanks for your concern. I'm sure that you meant well."

With a sigh of relief, the Brigadier sat down at his desk and started to work on some of the paperwork that had piled up. He looked up as the door opened and Mrs. Sable entered.

"Excuse me, Brigadier. Might I talk to you about something?"

"Of course, Mrs. Sable."

"It's about Dr. Smith."

The Brigadier held up his hand to stop her. "I've already taken care of that." She seemed very surprised. "You needn't worry about the Doctor any more."

"The Doctor? But I was talking about Doctor Boynton Smith and how he's been pestering Miss Farnsworth. I know that this isn't something that you normally deal with, but that man just can't seem to keep his hands - or his remarks to himself. He's already caused one girl to quit

The Brigadier felt like Alice-In-Wonderland again. It was clearly not going to be a good day at the office.

"Sarah's Lament"

by Jenna Bruce

I wanted you to call me back
You'll never know how much.
Walking through that door for the last time
So hard
My feet were lead.
You should have called me back.

Did you mind to see me go?
I couldn't look back
For fear
Until I couldn't see you.
And then you were gone.
You should have called me back.

I was tired of strange planets,
Bug-eyed monsters,
People using me, hurting me,
Trying to kill me - but not of you.
I was only joking!
You should have called me back.

Did you know you'd got it wrong?
Did you take care so I should laugh
Not cry.
I would have, you know.
Did you?
You should have called me back

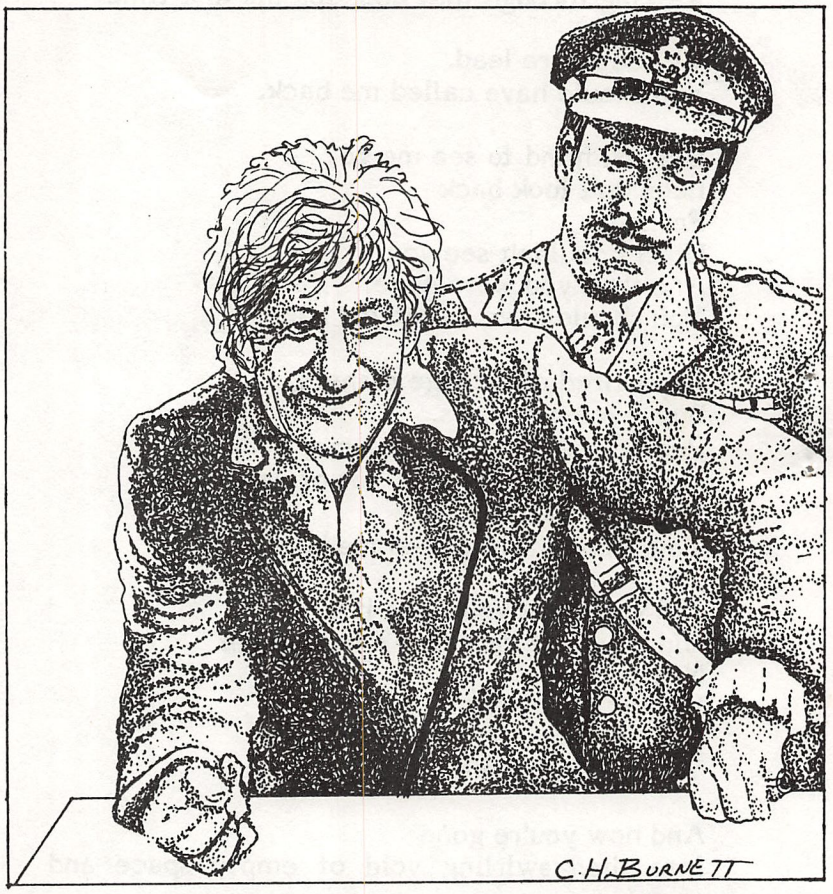
And now you're gone
Into then swirling void of empty space and time.
Do you miss me at all?
Do you even remember?
I do.
You should have called me back.

We shared so much, you and I.
I miss those times - and you.
You said you would return
Someday.
Will you? Will you?
Will I even know you when
That wailing grinding noise fills my ears
Once more
Or will you have gone on
Become someone else
Left me behind
Forever.
Oh, you should have called me back!



WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR
by Linda Terrell

"I don't thrive on rejection, Doctor!" Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart bristled. "I've made offers again and again: a new assistant, dinner out; dinner in; theater; opera even" The Brigadier paced angrily, unconsciously describing a perfectly straight line and executing sharp about-faces. "I tried. I tried to give you a bit of a lift. Damnit, Doctor, I've tried to be a friend and all you do is rebuff me. And, oh no, a simple 'no thank you' won't do for you. . ." the Brigadier waggled a finger inches from the sulking Doctor. "No, you have to be imperious and patronizing and.



"I'm sorry," the Doctor's voice was small and subdued. The Brigadier was right: he was his friend--perhaps the only friend he now had , but he'd given the Brigadier ample reason to be hurt and angry.

"It's easy to say, Doctor," the Brigadier was not to be easily soothed. "You've said it for several weeks now and I'm bloody fed up with it!"

The Doctor started to speak, but the Brigadier turned on him. "And you know what the entire problem is? You won't, no, can't, admit that you miss Jo!"

The Doctor could not realize that the Brigadier's anger was the result of a deep concern for him, or that the Brigadier was genuinely worried about his well-being. The Doctor had taken to spending a great deal of time alone, when he was at the UNIT Lab at all. He disappeared more and more frequently in the TARDIS. Each time he returned he was surly and bullish. . . and Lethbridge-Stewart had bore the brunt of it because everyone else found excuses to be scarce.

Looking over his friend, the Brigadier thought that the Doctor certainly wasn't himself lately. His usual elegant style of dress had become a bit haphazard--his color coordination was off and he looked downright rumpled. Even his usually magnificent mane of silver hair seemed dull and unkempt. The smile which could charm man and beast was gone from a face now constantly presenting a cool and indifferent front.

The Brigadier found himself sincerely wishing the Doctor could go out and get roaring drunk. Perhaps that would weaken the terrible hold he seemed to have put on his emotions. Yes, a good drunk, a good cry on a sympathetic shoulder, a good wringing out and a good day's sleep would take the blues out of him. The Brigadier sighed. That's what he'd do; what many of his men would do.

But the Doctor wasn't human. What did his kind usually do when they were depressed? Or did only the Doctor get depressed? After all, he had forsaken his kind, taken other ways. Perhaps whatever "cures" Time Lords indulged in wouldn't work here. Then again, maybe he truly needed to return to his planet and partake of whatever medicines they used.

The Brigadier would probably never know what emotions churned inside his friend. The Doctor was easily given to a cheery, confident air and could just as easily become quite righteously angry. But the Brigadier had never seen him sad. It was as if the Doctor wouldn't allow it. He'd been on the verge of tears when Jo suddenly left, but it never came to that. Instead, he drove Bessie around aimlessly, slipping back into the Lab at dawn and had been like this ever since.

Well, thought the Brigadier, as he smoothed a stray hair (as if any hair would dare stray from its assigned row on his very neat head), I've certainly had all I'm willing to take. "Good evening, Doctor," he said coldly and turned on his heel. He went through the door without a glance back, hoping an abrupt departure just might rattle the Doctor.

He didn't hear the Doctor call after him "Please don't go..." When the Doctor reached the door, the hall was empty. The Doctor looked stung. "I really don't want to be left alone, Alastair," he sighed and headed for his TARDIS.

Lethbridge-Stewart's phone rang, jangling him from sleep. He glared at his clock and snarled when he read 2 a.m.

"Yes!" he snapped into the receiver.

"Sergeant Benton, Sir," the voice was hesitant, apologetic. The Brigadier became aware of a tuneless warbling in the background.

"Benton, what is that noise?"

"It's the Doctor, Sir. He's started this horrible... keening. That's why I called."

The Brigadier gathered his fuzzy wits, beat the sleep out of them and sat bolt upright in bed. "That's that damned Venusian lullaby he's fond of. You've called me a 0200 hours to tell me he's singing his favorite tune?" The Brigadier's voice bristled dangerously.

"Ah, no, Sir. You see, Sir, I think, I believe. . .well..."

"Oh good grief, spit it out, man!"

"I think he's drunk, Sir!"

The Brigadier digested this, then said calmly "Oh now really, Benton, have you ever known the Doctor to take more than a glass of wine?"

"No Sir. That's what's worrying me. He's just, ah, 'helped' me finish off most of a bottle of Scotch, and I think he's potted. Well, if it was me acting like that. . ." Benton's voice faded as he turned from the receiver, no doubt to watch the Doctor. "I'd say I was potted."

Good lord! "And this bottle of Scotch, Benton. You just happened to leave it off?"

There was a pause. "Yes, Sir. I er, we, thought the Doc needed a bit of cheering up, what with the w y he's been moping about."

"So you took it upon yourself to provide him with a bottle of cheer?" The Brigadier's voice went up an octave.

"I didn't intend for him to drink it all, Sir. You can't imagine his capacity. I mean, after the Scotch, he brought out some kind of brandy from his TARDIS. Sir, he put away three glasses to every one of mine!"

The Brigadier hadn't expected that. Benton could certainly pack it away and if what he described was right. . ."I'll be right there, Sergeant."

Arriving at the Lab, the Brigadier entered as starched and polished as if it was all part of a daily routine.

The Doctor was sitting on the floor, knees drawn up, hands clasped around his legs. He had stopped singing and was now attempting to apply the First Law of Thermal Dynamics to Edgar Allan Poe's "Purloined Letter."

A very worried-looking Benton was on his knees beside the Doctor. The burly Sergeant shot the Brigadier a look of apology.

"Thank you, Benton," the Brigadier said sharply in the way of dismissal. "I'll see to him now."

"Sir!" Benton managed a smart salute then scrambled out of the Lab.

Still standing, the Brigadier looked down at the Doctor, who was rocking quietly. "Just what is this all about?"

"Experimenting," the Doctor said without looking up.

"With Scotch and Brandy?"

Not missing the skepticism in the Brigadier's voice, the Doctor attempted to pull himself together and look very dignified. "I happen to be tracing viable alternatives." Unclasping his hands, he gestured elegantly and almost fell over.

The Brigadier raised an eyebrow. "Alternatives to what? Facing reality?"

"Popping off in the TARDIS again--alone!" The Doctor bit off each word.

"Really, Doctor, isn't that the whole idea of 'popping off in the TARDIS'? To be alone?"

"NO!"

The force of the reply made the Brigadier step back in surprise. The Doctor looked pained, grabbed his head and groaned. When he looked up, the Brigadier noticed his eyes, although bright, didn't seem to be focusing.

There didn't seem to be much left to say, so the Brigadier waited in uncomfortable silence. He had the unshakeable feeling that the Doctor wanted to talk desperately, so he gave him the time to find the right words.

"I, I...don't want to be left alone now, Alastair." It was a hoarse whisper. The Doctor visibly gathered himself and spoke with effort. "When you walked out earlier, hurt and angry, I went immediately to my usual solace," he indicated the TARDIS standing in its corner. "And I found myself just staring at it."

The Doctor made an attempt to get up but it was too much effort. He leaned back, one leg folded under him, the other still drawn up at the knee. "Would you consider unbending a bit, Alastair?" the Doctor indicated the floor beside him.

If the Brigadier was in any way affected by this rare use of his first name by the Doctor, he didn't show it.

"Would you consider letting me help you up to your bed, Doctor?"

The Doctor contemplated this, Then he ran a hand through his silver hair. "I sincerely doubt I'd make it. In fact, I'm considering sleeping right here." He shook his head as if to clear it, flinched, then rested his head in his hands. "I am quite positive that if I were to move now, the continental plates would shift."

Clearing his throat, the Brigadier sat on the floor beside his friend. The Brigadier could "unbend" quite a lot when he was concerned.

But the Doctor was quiet and motionless for such a long time the Brigadier thought he'd gone into one of his trances.

"You're probably the closest friend I have, Alastair," the Doctor said suddenly. "You're about my only friend right now."

The Brigadier searched the Doctor's sad eyes. "I thought the TARDIS was your best friend."

The Doctor returned the gaze intently, a hint of amusement tugging at the corner of his eyes. "Not much gets by you." He smiled weakly--the first smile the Brigadier had seen from him in weeks.

Picking up the odd brandy bottle, the Doctor upended it and poured out a small glass full. He offered it to the Brigadier who took it and emptied it in one swift chug-a-lug.

It was the Doctor's turn to raise an eyebrow. "You never cease to surprise me, Alastair."

"I hope I never become ordinary to you, Doctor." The Brigadier grinned. Then you'd leave for good, he added mentally.
Then he felt a mild buzz. "My word! What was that?" He stared at the empty glass in his hand.

"Surian Brandy. I got it from an Engineer or a starship." The Doctor smiled back then frowned suddenly. "Oh dear, I don't feel very well right now." He carefully removed his jacket and, folding it neatly, laid down and rested his head on it. "That's better," he sighed and closed his eyes.

"You were right, Alastair," he murmured. "I do miss Jo. Perhaps more than

I'm willing to admit."

"Doctor," the Brigadier leaned over. "You just admitted it."

The Doctor's face lit up briefly. "So I have, haven't I?"

The Brigadier allowed himself a brief moment of reflection. "We all miss Jo, Doctor."

"Yes, of course, old chap. But I do think I allowed myself to become overly, ah, fond of her."

"Yes, I expect you did."

"Oh dear. Did it show?"

"Sometimes. But I guess if a person saves your life, several times, and you, theirs, some kind of a bond is bound to form. Is this what 'drove you to drink', as it were?"

The Doctor smiled and sighed. He didn't raise his head from its pillow and he didn't open his eyes, feeling pleasantly muzzy for the first time in centuries. When he spoke, his voice sounded far away. "Benton said something about alcohol relieving life's burdens and all that."

"Surely, you've been around long enough to know that isn't necessarily so."

"Benton's been there, Alastair," he sighed again, as if gathering strength to speak. "And I'd never drunk to excess before. I was rather wondering just where my limit was. Scientific curiousity, if you will."

The Brigadier chuckled. "You quite impressed the Sergeant with your capacity, Doctor. I think he believes it's very nearly limitless now." The seriousness returned. "You're not truly drunk, are you Doctor?"

"I believe the Americans aptly call it 'mellow'."

The Brigadier started to rise, but the Doctor put out a fine hand and held his arm.

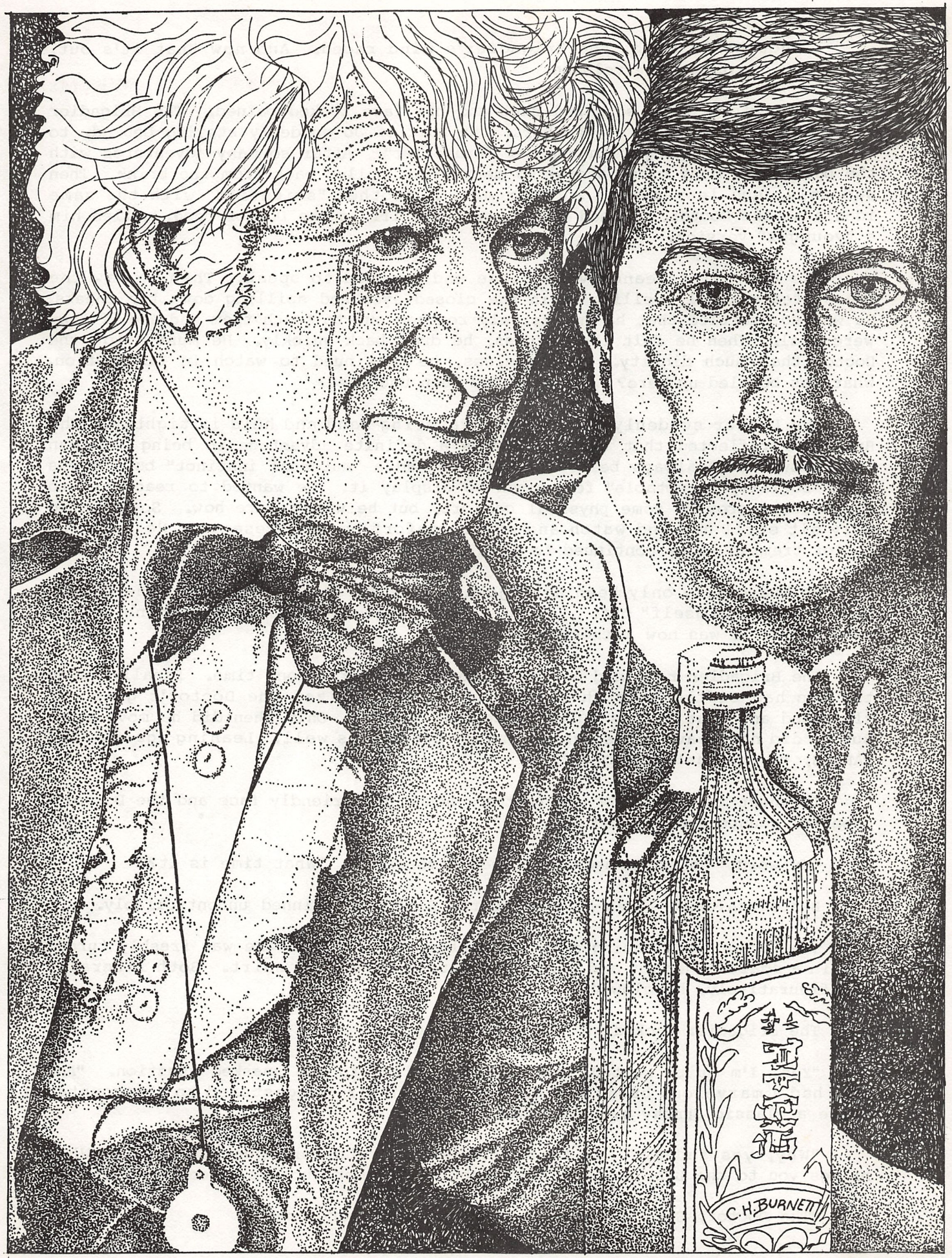
"Don't leave me alone, Alastair!"

The plea was so desperate, that the Brigadier sat immediately down and leaned close to the Doctor's recumbent figure. "It isn't just handing you your test tubes and telling you how brilliant you are, is it?" he whispered. "You need companionship, even in that beloved old lash-up of yours."

"Yes!" he hissed with the effort of a confession.

"But you've had any number of companions in your life times, Doctor. What made Jo so different?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps because she stayed with me longer than most. Perhaps. . .perhaps it was because I let myself love her." The words tumbled out in a rush of emotion.


C.H.BURNETT

I thought as much, the Brigadier's mind raced. And now that it's out, maybe you can find some release.

The Doctor's eyes squeezed shut and his face looked pained. The Brigadier could imagine the depth of the hurt; the hurt of Jo suddenly staying behind, to marry and go exploring with another "traveller". After so many adventures with the Doctor; so many close shots; so many times pulled back from the brink. Then suddenly, she leaves with another man. . .another "scientist" with the same ideals as the Doctor. Jo had even compared Cliff to the Doctor once, called him a "younger" version.

The Brigadier leaned very close and started to speak. Then he saw the tears; tears slowly welling up in the closed eyes and spilling down the cheeks. He was so startled that he impulsively reached out to touch them and see if they were real. When he felt the wetness, he drew back quickly. He must allow the Doctor that much dignity. Nevertheless, he continued to watch in fascination. What was bottled up here? And what had been uncorked?

The Doctor suddenly clasped his wavering hand and held it tightly. The Brigadier reflected that there could be a definite advantage to being a woman right now. He'd always believed that men had a "maternal instinct" but it was more "socially acceptable" for women to display it. He wanted to reach out to the Doctor, provide some physical comfort, but he wasn't sure how. So he could only sit still now and watch and offer comfort by his presence. He felt the Doctor tremble as he continued to weep quietly.

He had really only been half-joking earlier when he'd wished the Doctor would "wring himself" out. He truly didn't imagine it ever happening. . .but that's what he was now witnessing.

The Brigadier remained by the Doctor's side for a long time. Finally, when the sun had sifted through the windows, he realized the Doctor's grip had slackened and that he was quite peacefully asleep. Only then did he move away. But he did not leave. The Surian brandy hit him as well. Leaning against the TARDIS, he fell asleep himself.

The next thing he saw was Benton's hound-dog friendly face and the Doctor's cheerful countenance behind him.

"My word!" he exclaimed and pushed himself up. "What time is it?"

Benton saluted. "Ten-hundred hours, Sir!" he grinned uncontrollably.

The Doctor was leaning against a table, arms folded. He was freshly turned out in a scarlet jacket and pants and matching ruffled shirt. Both literally and figuratively, he glowed.

The Brigadier looked at him questioningly.

"Yes, I'm quite rested," the Doctor replied to the unasked question. "And I've had a marvelous breakfast ordered. Join me? He gestured to the counter where a classic Sunday a.m. meal was laid out.

"Why, yes indeed." He turned to Benton, who continued to grin. "What brings you to the Lab, Sergeant?" A subtle reminder who was in command here.

"The Doctor, Sir. He asked me to bring his car around."

The Brigadier turned to the Doctor. "You've been up for a time, I take it?"

"Yes," the Doctor gave him his most charming smile.

"And you just let me sleep there, on the floor, while my sergeant was up and about?" The Brigadier's voice cut icily.

The Doctor threw a glance at Benton then looked seriously at the Brigadier. "I don't believe we have much to hide from the Sergeant. . ."

The Brigadier visibly cooled. However, although the Sergeant was undoubtedly the most loyal of his men, the Brigadier did not like to be seen with his "hair down" by anyone.

Leaning very close, the Doctor whispered. "The kind of emotional support you lent me is very taxing, Alastair. I truly didn't want to rouse you." He winked. "Isn't Saurian brandy marvelous?"

"You're excused, Sergeant." His gaze never left the Doctor's face.

"Sir!" Benton wheeled and strode out in his parade-best walk.

"Well," the Brigadier allowed himself a smile. "You're looking fit and chipper! But you can't be over it all just like that."

"No, but I can handle it better. I really needed to...talk." The Doctor then busied himself with his food. "And it was really a jolly good excuse to drink that Saurian brandy!"

"Mmmm. We really must try some more of that, under better circumstances. It was quite remarkably stimulating."

The Doctor was up and heading for the TARDIS. "Smashing idea, old chap! I know right where we can go to get some more."

"'We'?" the Brigadier glowered.

The Doctor's face dropped. "But of course. I told you I don't enjoy being alone all the time. What better time to take a turn in the TARDIS?"

"Doctor," the Brigadier stood with hands clasped behind his back. "I think you TARDIS is utterly charming. . .in that corner."

"Oh," the Doctor pouted. "You're sure you won't come along? I'll only be gone a few minutes. Jolly people, those starship types. Very efficient and stalwart and forward-looking bunch." It wasn't working, so he tried a final ploy. Opening the door, he entered then stuck his head back out. "Rather a military lot, though."

"Oh, really?" The Brigadier smoothed his mustache and moved toward the TARDIS.

The Doctor hummed as he fussed at the many-sided console of his TARDIS.

"Military, you say?" the Brigadier repeated and put a hand on the door.

"Oh yes, quite. Spit and polish, hut-two, hut-two and all that."

"IN outer space? Fascinating!"

"Yes, yes, old chap. Now if you will just step away from the doors so I can close them. . ."

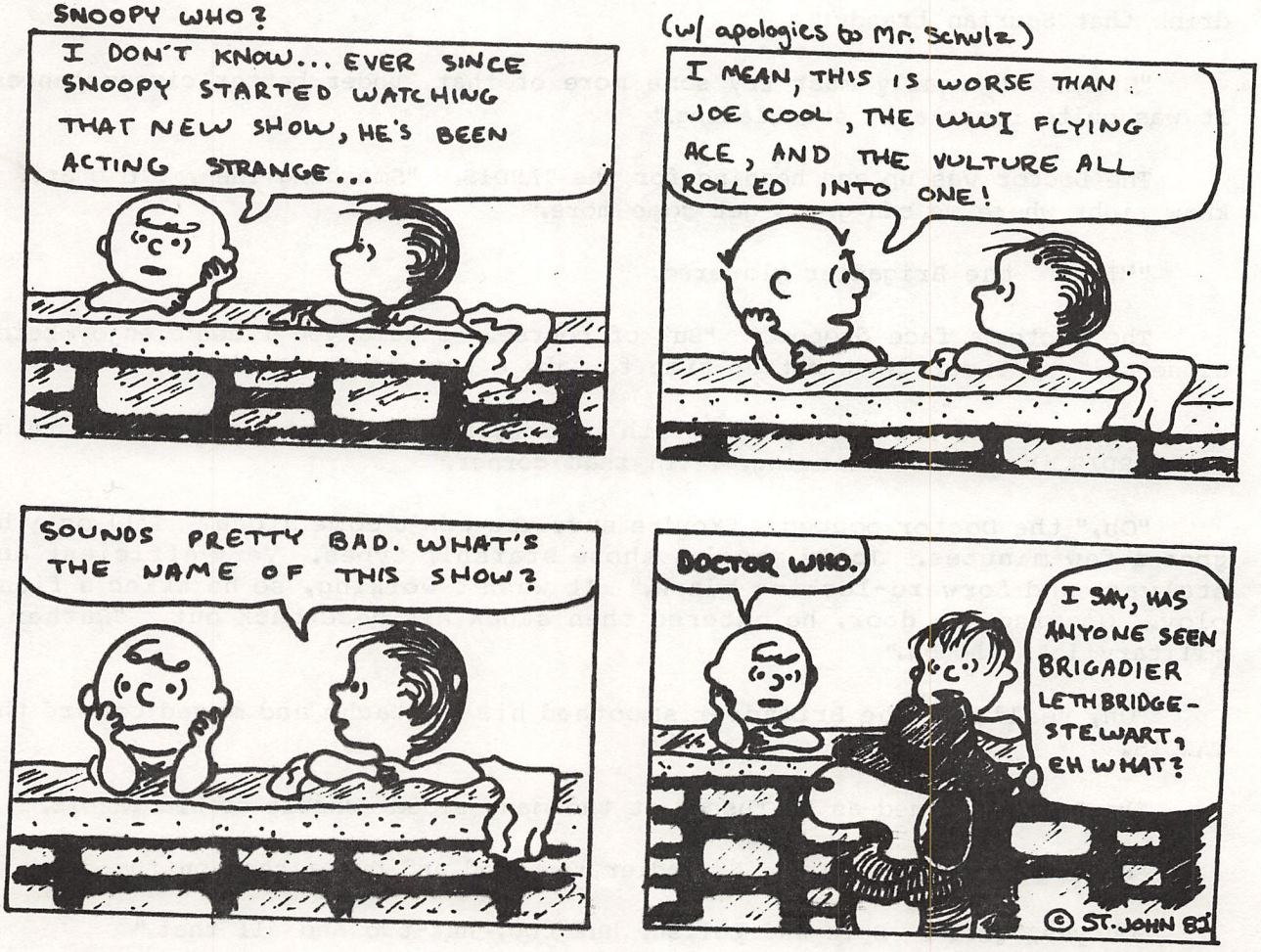
The Brigadier moved back and turned away.

"Oh, good grief!" the Doctor snarled and in one dance-like motion, he stepped away from the console, reach out and snatched the Brigadier inside. "Gotcha!" he grinned mischievously. "Now, we're going for a bit of a turn, Alastair."

The Brigadier pulled himself away and settled against the wall, arms folded, glaring dangerously. "Really, Doctor," he growled, looking around curiously. "They had better be a rather informal military lot because I'm going to have them arrest you for kidnapping."

"Nonsense! You'll love it."

Lethbridge-Stewart shut out all thoughts of the TARDIS; he never could cope with the damn thing. But the doors had closed and the central column was moving up and down--the contraption was going somewhere with him in it. He glared at his friend, who only smiled charmingly. Might as well make the best of a bad situation, he thought. After all, that Saurian brandy was the most startling beverage he'd ever had. And, after all, even a Brigadier had to be pragmatic enough to realize when he'd been outflanked. He wasn't going to waste time getting angry--he was going to get even.



TWENTY-FIRST SEASON EPISODE GUIDE
By Robert St. John

STORY 6L, 9 PARTS, "Sea Dudes of the Deep," by Trevor Hayden, directed by Francis Ford Coppola.

STARRING: Peter Davison as The Doctor
Janet Fielding as Tegan
Mark Strickson as Turlough
Boy George O'Dowd as Chief Sea Dude
Music by Stewart Copeland of The Police

Far beneath the depths of the North Atlantic, a team of oceanographers cope with a shortage of things to do. So involved are they in their boredom, they fail to notice someone or something is sabotaging the station. . .slight pressure leaks. . .the failure of vital electronic apparatus. . .the complete absence of tiny, but telltale bloodstains on the Commander's shirts. The danger becomes apparent, however when Sparky, the radio operator, discovers a bag of potato chips crushed by what appears to be a flipper. . .the crew panics. It is in the midst of this that the TARDIS crew arrive. The Commander is suspicious of the travellers at first, and insists on vigorously searching Tegan for flippers or potato chips. Satisfied (that is, satisfied that Tegan has neither flippers nor chips), the Commander welcomes the Doctor at gunpoint to assist in investigating the sabotage. The Doctor joyfully agrees to do so. When the Doctor asks Sparky what the purpose of the station is, Sparky shrugs and replies, "I just work here." With the investigation well under way, the Doctor begins to piece the clues together. . .mysterious flipper prints. . .a strangely familiar fishnet shirt. . .a fortune cookie with a note inside that reads, "You will soon face an old enemy from about ten seasons ago." At first, the Doctor suspects the Zyguys (see "Terror of the Zyguys"), that is until a bunch of Sea Dudes march in and take over the complex (see "The Sea Dudes"). The Doctor kicks himself (with help from Tegan and Turlough) for not having gotten the hell out of there a lot sooner. The Chief Sea Dude explains that they are once again planning on making this adventure long and tedious, and with the help of their land based relatives, the Dinosaur Dudes, the Doctor is sure they will succeed.

STORY 6M, 4 parts, "Boredom of the Daleks,"* by Terry Nation, directed by Nicky Gill (winner of the "You Too Can Direct DOCTOR WHO" competition, sponsored by Fruit Loops)

STARRING: Regulars
Rula Lenska as Herself
Roy Skelton as Voice of The Enemies
Music by Murph and the Magic Tones

Time: Long ago in the distant future, Place: Earth, a Federation penitentiary. A small, withered man in an advanced wheelchair is slowly making license plates with his one free hand. He stops, looks around, and glances at his watch. He tells a guard that he's rolling outside for a breath of fresh air, and goes to the courtyard, whistling innocently. He dons a pair of Groucho Marx glasses and rolls to the front gate. He is stopped by the guard, who demands a pass. The prisoner pats his breast pocket and croaks "Ooops, must've lost it." The guard sighs and lets him through anyway. Outside, the man is met by a van marked "Exterminators" on the side, and he rolls in. . .the nefarious Davros has been rescued once again by the Daleks!

It is in the midst of this that the TARDIS crew arrives. The Doctor and Tegan meet their old friend Lieutenant Scott (see "Cyberguyshock!"), who immediately ignores Turlough. Scott tells the Doctor that he has been put in charge

of recovering Davros before he and the Daleks can once again mine out the entire planet. . .or was it before they could take control of Time itself? He can't remember which. The Doctor notices that the word "Dalek" has caused Turlough to run and hide behind a couch. The Doctor asks him what the problem is, and it is revealed by a fortune cookie that Turlough is a Thal, the oldest enemy of a Dalek. The Doctor finds this all immensely boring, as he has gone through this all too many times before. The people of London, too, are bored with the Daleks, and the entire Dalek fleet is pushed down a flight of stairs. . .or were the Daleks tricked into boarding a starship full of explosives and David Frost Clones. . .or perhaps the Doctor went back in time and prevented Terry Nation's birth. . .yes, that was it.

* The word "Dalek" copyright Terry Nation 1963.

Story 6N, 4 parts, "Planet That's Just Plain Hot," by Nicky Gill (winner of the "Create A Way to Bump Off the Master" competition, sponsored by Sugar Pops), directed by Jon Rones.

Starring: Regulars
Nicola Bryant as Pepsicola Brown
Ton Y. Ainley as Professor Meen
Music by Toto

Pepsicola Brown ("Pepsi" for short), a Home Economics major and roommate of Brooke Shields at Princeton University, is spending summer break with her archaeologist stepfather in the Canary Islands. He is working on his thesis concerning freak artifacts on the island of Lanzarote, and she is working on her suntan. When her stepfather mysteriously disappears, Pepsi, worried about her allowance, looks up a colleague of the archaeologist, Prof. I. M. Meen. Meen says that he knows nothing concerning her stepfather or her allowance, and tells her to go find some rich pre-med students to bother. Meen cackles deviously, and returns to the caves beneath the mountains where he has been working.

It is in the midst of this that the TARDIS crew arrives. The Doctor has just discovered that he left London without Tegan, and there is much rejoicing. He throws the TARDIS into vacation mode, and the ship takes him and Turlough to the Canary Islands. On the beach, Pepsi mistakes Turlough to be rich and well built. When she discovers that he is broke and a wimp, she is about to leave, but the Doctor stops her. He has found a fortune cookie that reads, "You will meet a girl somehow connected to your oldest enemy." Pepsi tells the Doctor about her stepfather, her allowance, and Prof. Meen, and the Doctor decides to investigate.

When they arrive at the Professor's flat, no one is home. Turlough, however, discovers a secret passage while trying to pocket some silverware. The passage leads below the mountains to a series of caverns. There the Doctor meets Professor Meen, but is suspicious when the Professor sneezes and his disguise falls off. Pepsi screams, immediately tipping off the Doctor to two things. . .one, Pepsi will end up being a companion, and two, the guy who's trying to press his fake beard back into place is the Master. It is revealed by Howard DaSilva's voice-over that the Master has discovered a spacial vortex to an Antimatter planet in the caves, and is trying to use a very silly looking prop to bring the first of the Time Lords, Omeguy, into our universe. Omeguy complains that the planet he is trapped on is too hot and there's no one to talk to. The Doctor immediately nominates the Master, and tosses him in. Pepsi immediately nominates Turlough and tosses him in. Omeguy claps his hands and is heard to say "Oh boy!" just as the vortex closes. . .End episode one. (Actually, the first episode will be repeated three more times to make it a full four episodes).

Story 6P, 4 parts, "Caves of Androzacky," by Charles Dikkens, directed by Nicky Gills (who didn't actually win any contest this time, but managed to knock out Peter Grimwade and take his place when no one was looking)

STARRING: Regulars
Gerald Flood as Kamelion
Trevor Hayden as Lord of Androzacky
Janet Fielding as the Mara
Colin Baker as Himself (though not Himself as in The Himself, if you know what I mean. . .I mean, Mr. Baker is a fine actor and a wonderful human being, but he's not <u>that</u> good. . .oops, sorry)

Androzacky. . .a planet whose entire population consists of ducks. Legend has it that the ducks are merely colonists, beings who arrived on Androzacky long ago, only to find that its previous inhabitants (a race believed to have been either accountants or slugs or both) destroyed by some incredible force. The legend goes on to say that that force still exists, and is only waiting for the ducks to become comfortable before striking again. Perhaps that time has come, for it seems that duckbills everywhere are falling off their owners without reason. It is in the midst of this that the TARDIS crew arrives. When the Doctor and Pepsi step out along with their robot companion, Chamelion the ducks immediately attempt to take the travellers prisoner (at which point Pepsi says, "Ickky", with great insight), but to no avail as they are only a foot high each and more silly looking than dangerous. Nevertheless, the Doctor attempts to help by suggesting that the ducks take them to the Lord of Androzacky (at which point the ducks attempt to gasp, but of course they can't do this either). The ducks agree, and Cameleon changes into a coffee table for no apparent reason. . End Episode One.

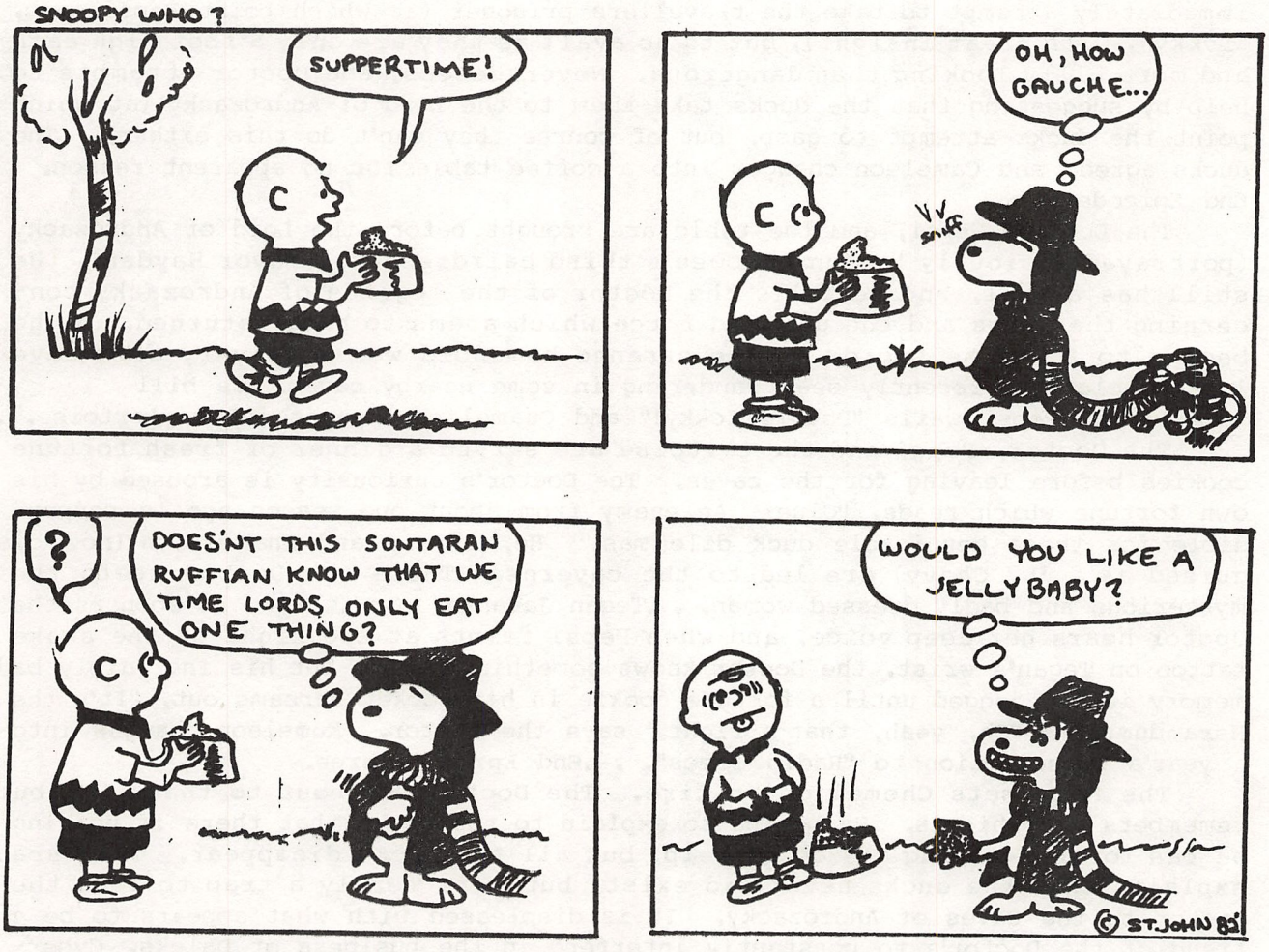
The Doctor, Pepsi, and the table are brought before the Lord of Androzacky (portrayed dubiously by Jon Pertwee's third hairdresser, Trevor Hayden). He still has a bill, and he tells the Doctor of the legends of Androzacky concerning the slugs and the unnamed force which seems to have returned. As he begins to tell the Doctor of the strange humanoid woman in very offensive looking clothing recently seen wandering in some nearby caves. His bill falls off. Pepsi wails "Double Ickky!" and Quamelion changes into a tortoise. .

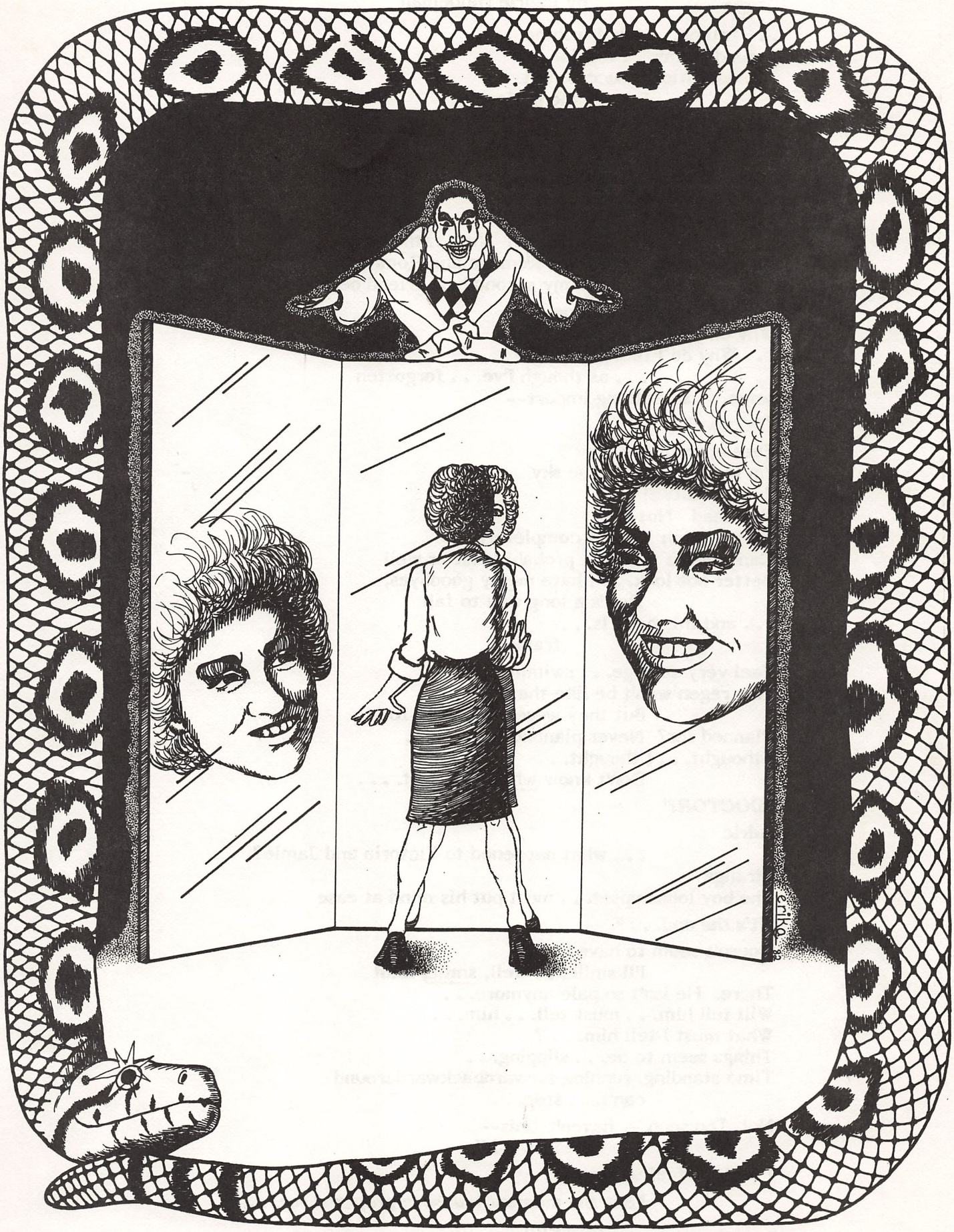
The Doctor, Pepsi and the tortoise are served a dinner of fresh fortune cookies before leaving for the caves. The Doctor's curiousity is aroused by his own fortune which reads, "Clue: An enemy from about one season ago is responsible for these despicable duck dilemmas." He, Pepsi, and Khameleion (now disguised as a '57 Chevy) are led to the caverns. There the Doctor meets the mysterious and badly dressed woman. . .Tegan Javanka. Or is it? As soon as the Doctor hears her deep voice, and when Pepsi faints at the sight of the snake tattoo on Tegan's wrist, the Doctor knows something is up, but his incredibly bad memory is not jogged until a fortune cookie in his pocket screams out, "It's the Mara dummy!" "Oh, yeah, that's right." says the Doctor. Kumeleon changes into a year's subscription to "Radio Times". . .End Episode Three.

The Mara sets Chemelion on fire. The Doctor is about to thank it, but remembers who this is. He begins to explain to the ducks that there is nothing he can (or is willing to) do to help, but all the ducks disappear. The Mara explains that the ducks never did exist, but were merely a trap to lead the Doctor to the caves of Androzacky. It is displeased with what appears to be a trend of the Doctor's to constantly interfere in the business of Daleks, Cyberguys, the Master, Omeguy, Quarks, and "those silly looking bald dudes in black leather jumpsuits." The Mara obviously doesn't want to join the club:

MARA: Don't you think you should be. . .
THE DOCTOR: Leaving! What a good idea!

But the Mara has other plans, and throws a frying pan at the Doctor, striking him unconsci_us. The Mara vanishes in probably the worst display of BBC special effects to date. It is at this point that Colin Baker appears (actually, this is Mr. Baker's fourth appearance in this story, usually appearing behind furniture and/or Kameleon). Colin steps forward, and as the incidental music surges, he melds into the Doctor's body. The Doctor/Colin stands up and begins dancing. . .Pepsi screams. . .End Episode Four.




erika

CURTAIN CALL
by Laurie Haldeman

. . . falling. . . wind rushing. . .
ground so far. . . too far. . .
. . . operation a success but
but. . . the patient--
NOOO-o-o-oOOOO!
"Doctor!" "Doctor." "Doctor?"
Sarah Jane Alaistir Harry
Good friends, all three. . .
Like you to meet Leela
mind the knife! She's rather over fond--
Romana. Mustn't forget Romana and Romana
. . . and my second best friend besides you all
Why do you keep calling me?
Why do you all look so glum?
. . . Why do I feel as though
. . . as though I've. . . forgotten
some. . . something import--
"Doctor!"
Eyes open Blue sky
I'm looking at the blue sky
I'm. . . ALIVE!
Not dead Not yet
Didn't botch it Not completely
Can't feel a thing. . . probably just as well
Better not look. . . I hate messy goodbyes,
That's a long way to fall
. . . and this body is. . .
fragile
Feel very strange. . . swimmy. . . .
This regen won't be like the rest
But they weren't planned for
Planned for? Never planned for this. . .
I thought. . . I thought. . .
Don't know <u>what</u> I thought. . . .
"DOCTOR!"
Adric
. . . what happened to Victoria and Jamie?
Strange
The boy looks upset. . . must put his mind at ease
"It's the end. . ."
Doesn't seem to have helped
I'll smile. . . well, <u>smile</u>, idiot
There. He isn't so pale anymore. . .
Will tell him. . . must tell. . . him. . . .
What must I tell him. . . ?
Things seem to be. . . slipping. . .
Time standing, running forwardbackwardaround
can't. . . stop. . .
No! Too soon -- haven't finis--
How odd!
I feel. . . feel so very. . . .
"But the moment has been prepared for. . . ."
peaceful


Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high:
Like a diamond in the sky.

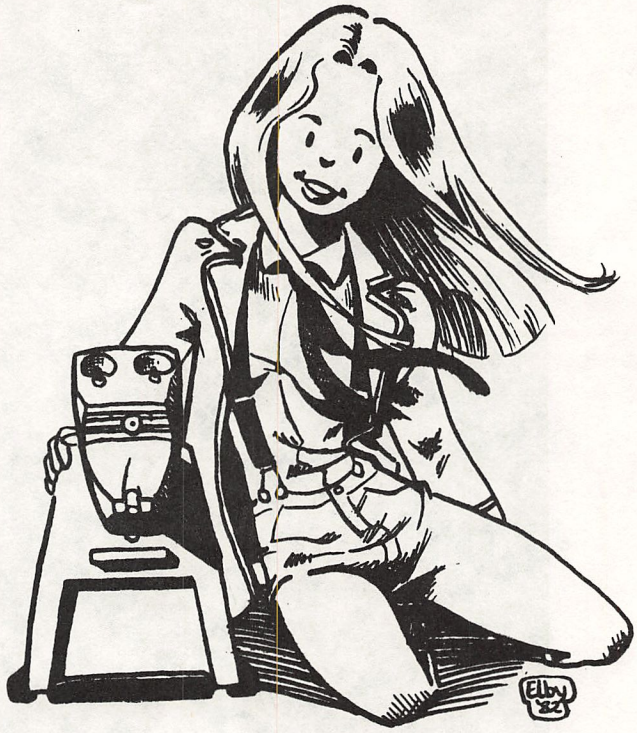
Erin McMullen
127 Twin Wood Drive
Jacksonville, N.C. 28540

Read the following with a New York jewish accent: so, where is the cream cheese and bagel? Whoever heard of "LOCS" Without cream cheese and bagel? OI VEH!

First my condolences to your next of kin for your sudden and unfortunate (ahem) demise (". . typewriters, and Rhonda's Editor Badge."?) Second, I an very impressed with the outcome of Zeta Minor II. In my opinion, the best part aside from my story of course (humble, aren't we?) is the "reasons for purchasing" the zine. I'm fully aware of the tremendous imaginative effort involved in putting one of these lists together (does your brain hurt afterward?), but I'd really like to see it become a common feature in future issues. (My reason? I never could get the hang of Thursdays!)

Oh yes -- the artwork was very nice. The portfolio was a good idea, but it took space away from a potential story or article. (What am I complaining about? I have a story in the issue!)

Well anyway, thank you so very much for very enjoyable zine and keep up the good work.



Sincerely,

Erin

((You do remember writing this back in February of '83, Erin? Thanks for your condolences, though after two years I can assure you that both my skull and typewriter are healed (Rhonda's editor badge is in tiny little pieces around here somewhere, along with the script for "The Twin Dilemma?). Rest assured that the "You Are Receiving This "Zine Because" section will remain a regular section of anything I ever publish. . . it happens to be my favorite!))

Nora Tuant
1148 Roberts Ave
San Jose, CA 95122

Dear Ms Reece,

I sent for the special edition of "Doctor Who and The Enterprise". What a pleasure it was, when it came, yesterday, to read about old friends. I practically grew up with "Star Trek" and was introduced to the pleasure of the

Doctor's acquaintance when several episodes with Jon Pertwee were shown here in the Bay area quite a few years ago.

I just adore the Doctor of Tom Baker, and enjoyed seeing the interplay of Doctor and Kirk, and Doctor with Dr. McCoy.

Jean Airey put across the essential alienness of the doctor well. It was intriguing seeing him a step more removed from his presentation in the Doctor Who books and fan stories. An unusual experience to see a familiar character through another character's eyes. I liked how the Captain's suspicions of the Doctor gave a sinister undertone to D's actions on the Enterprise and his relationship with the crew.

At the end, the Captain's invoking of Article 110 was touching; I don't seem to remember the Doctor ever receiving a tangible thanks for his help. The 61.725 per cent probability of the Doctor's arrival in "our" universe sounds like a great idea.

With the exception of a new book by C. J. Cherryh, or Kevin O'Donnell, I rarely get as enthusiastic as I did over this, a truly enjoyable melding of two of my favorite science fiction creations on T.V..

Yours,
Nora Tuant



((For those of you not aware, "The Doctor and The Enterprise" is in its third reprint (at least), now with a real cover by Gail Bennett. . . Get it or Else!))
.pa

J. E. Ludlow
974 E. Dallas
Madison Hts, MI
48071

Dear Robert,

You're giving contributor's copies to LOC writers? Wow! I've read all your publications so far and enjoyed them all. Although I will always be a die-hard Tom Baker fan, I was very pleased to finally be introduced to Mr. Pertwee's Doctor, as well as Patrick Troughton's. both stories made me wish I could see their episodes.

I've also enjoyed the nonfiction articles in both Zeta Minors. As a new fan it's nice to get a bit of background. I was especially pleased to read the history (to date) of the Master since "The Deadly Assassin" is a favorite of mine.

Usually I'm not wild about the poetry in fanzines, but I have liked what has appeared here. I especially liked "To Sarah Jane."

I 'm looking forward to the next installment of Zeta Minor. I'm hoping to be able to submit something besides a LOC. Incidently, that was a lovely LOC from Mr. Ainley. Gives a new dimension to a TARDIS.

Sincerely;
Joan Ludlow

((Do you remember writing this letter, Joan? Do I even remember issue two? I'm glad you enjoyed the non-fiction in ZM, because I'm toying with the idea right now of turning the zine into a mostly non-fiction review publication, allowing DW (and other British SF/F) fans a forum for debate. Yes, at last, such questions as "Was Trevor Hayden really Jon Pertwee's best third hairdresser?" will have a chance to be answered.))

Linda Terrell
P.O. Box 25
Dunedin, FL 33528



Just received ZM#2. Delightful diversity. Can't seem to find much on Dr. #3 and I'd sure like to get to know him better.

I feel I must reply to the letter "chastising" you (and Americans) for liking Baker as a "fool" and the "silly" humor of his later seasons.

Well, I've seen nearly all of the Baker series now and, if anything, I find some of the later episodes a bit tedious because of a LACK of humor. And Baker's doctor is often much too SERIOUS. (It also doesn't help that I do not like Romana #2. . .BORING).

A lot of the banter and jocularity which marked Baker's earlier seasons is gone, or, at best, forced. Also gone is the yo-yo, the hat, the jelly babies, and, it seems, the key to the TARDIS. Just about anybody can stumble into the TARDIS and run it! So much for isomorphic controls.

Baker's first few seasons were marked with a fumbling low-budget kind of charm which gradually got lost. It seems in the later years they tried to get "slick" and it didn't always work.
Terrell

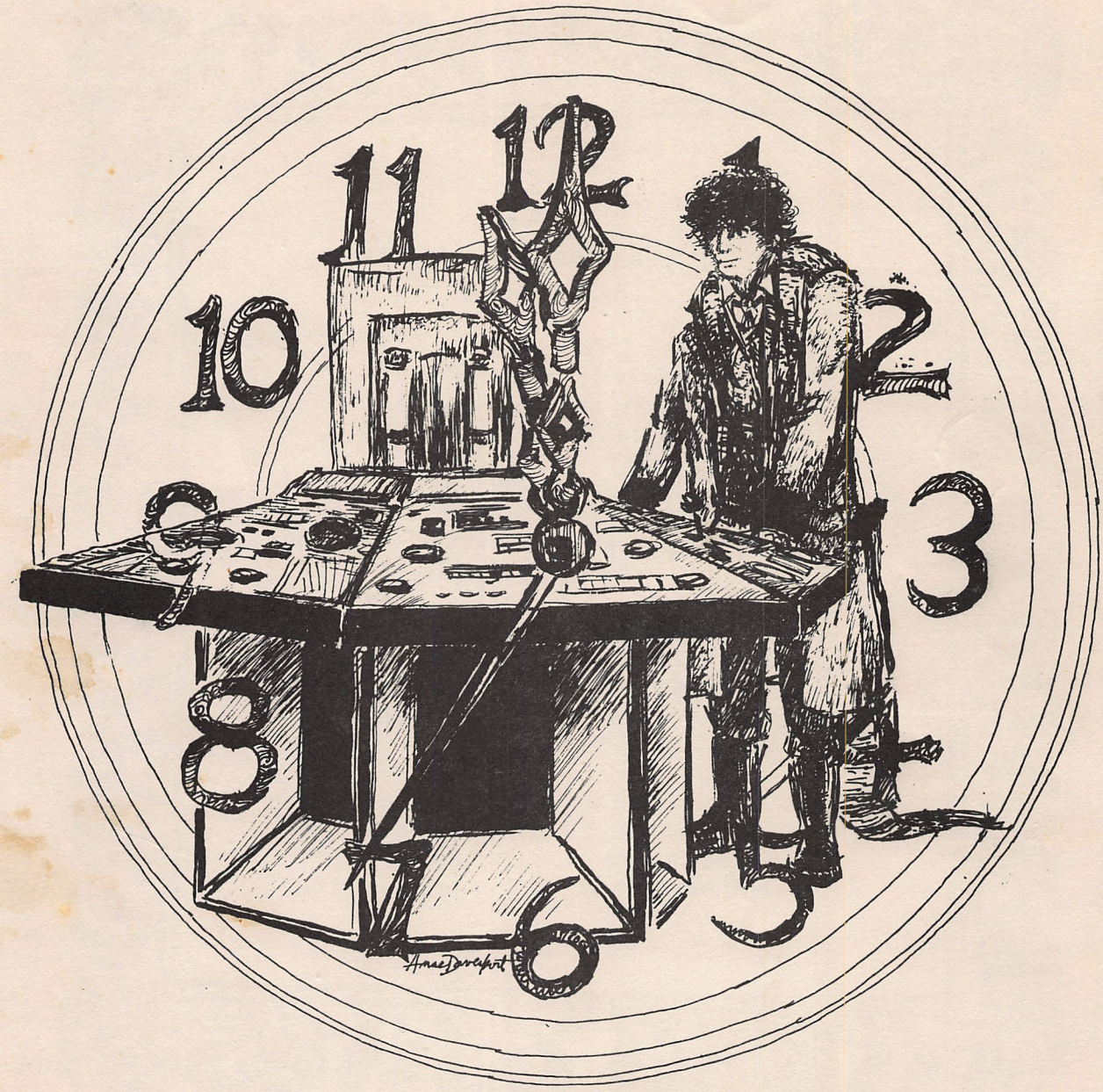
((Do you remember writing this, Linda? That's right, August of '82. Sigh. I must agree with your assessment of Baker's later years. Stupidity, not humor ruled the sixteenth and seventeenth seasons with a few notable exceptions ("Stones of Blood" and "City of Death" come to mind), though I think that the atmosphere of the Philip Hinchcliffe years returned when JNT became producer. Linda, by the way, has formed the "Who-Is-Colin-Baker-Fan Club." Send a SASE to the above address for a newsletter. Although "The Twin Dilemma" is perhaps the most hideous episode of DW since "The Gunfighters," Colin does indeed make a wonderful Doctor, when he isn't strangling Peri, that is. Linda also - since 1982 - is managing the Official Jon Pertwee Fan Club! SASE for information))

EGRESS
(Leela to Andred. . . later)
by Jean Airey

I am no wild bird, I am tame.
So let me loose to fly, unchained.
True love's a bond so firm and strong,
That freedom in it is not wrong.
But caging, holding, eats away
The links of love a bit each day.

You used to love to watch me fly,
And did not tell me that you'd tie
Me to your arm, my wings full clipped,
In bars enclosed, the trap now tripped.
Your strength could only grow by freeing
Both you and I from what we're being.
The Captor, Captive roles deceased.
The beings that we are released.

For we could fly together knowing
That though through different sky paths going
From time to time we would return,
And love between us could more brightly burn.


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Anne Davenport